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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

NOVEMBER 1916

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Bournemouth,
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I am sending you an extract from my son's letter (he is on active service, somewhere in France). I wrote asking if I should send him vermin powder, and his reply is: "DON'T SEND ANY VERMIN POWDER, THANKS; I USE WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP, THAT'S AS EFFECTIVE AND MUCH MORE PLEASANT."

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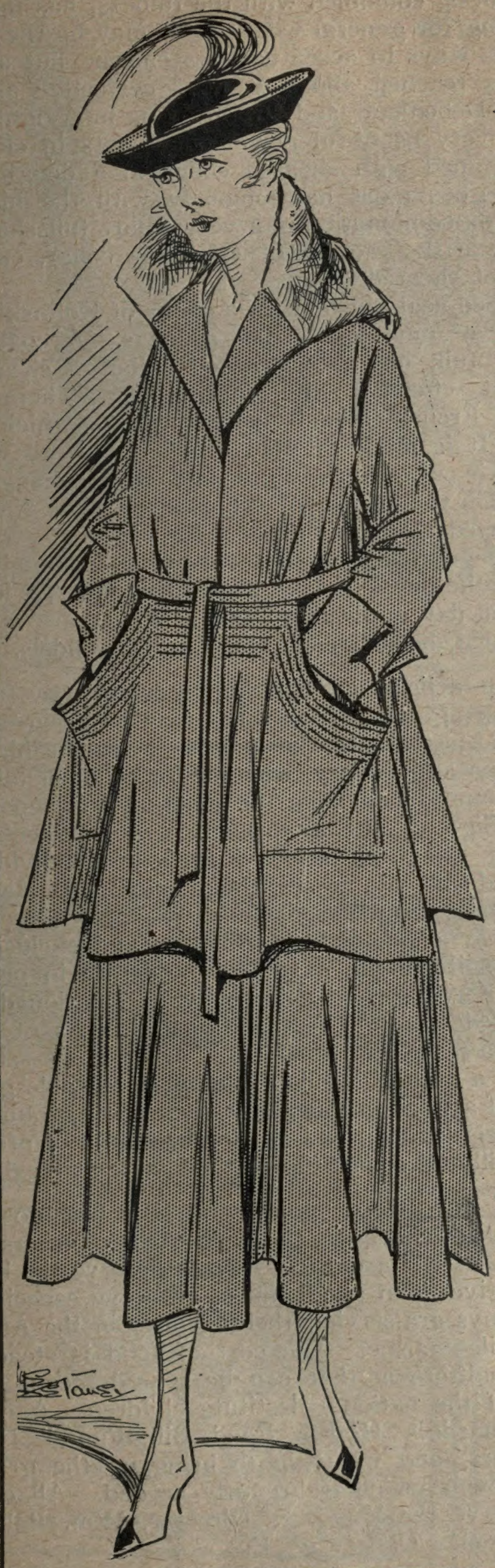

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Beautiful Model Coats

¶ NEVER has the coat been more alluring than it has this season. It may be that its shortness, combined with the fulness, has made it quite the smartest thing for general wear—or it may be the fur which is used in various ways to accentuate its charm—but anyway the coat wrap has reached about as near perfection as it ever will. At Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's, in Wigmore Street, there are some very beautiful new model coats in close-cropped seal plush, trimmed with sheared coney in a delightful soft grey tone, which goes most harmoniously with the black plush. One model in this combination is a very smart full shape, box-pleated from a yoke at the back, and with a big collar, cuffs, and pocket trimmings of sheared coney.

Another in close-cropped seal plush, with a collar of Kolinski, is most moderately priced at nine and a half guineas. A coat in chiffon velvet, cut very full, has a big ruched collar of sheared coney, which is most effective and fascinating. There is a perfectly wonderful French model evening wrap which is worth a special visit. It is made of gold *broché* bordered with black chiffon velvet. It is cut extremely full, and has big hanging sleeves which disappear in the fulness of the cape or form a muff when the hands are slipped through them.

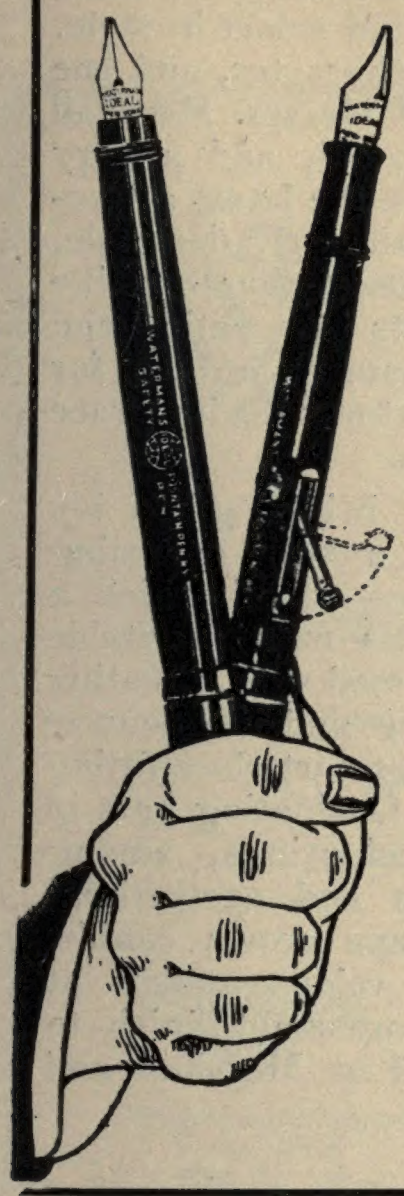
A pretty evening cape of black chiffon velvet has strappings to match, marking the yoke line in a very graceful manner, a kind of cape coat suitable for day or evening wear. There are many others of distinctive charm, both French and English models.

Artistic Table Ware

¶ There is infinitely more delight in drinking fragrant tea from a cup worthy of the beverage than from what may be designated as merely a "drinking vessel." In these days it is possible to get the most artistic china and pottery, whether for toilet or table-ware, in good designs reproduced from the most tasteful epochs of the past. At the Sign of the Fourposter, 196 Tottenham Court Road, everything has been selected for some individual quality of distinction, and that in a most catholic spirit. At Heal's one's choice may be made from among numerous pieces—each attractive in its own way—of special individuality and exclusiveness in design, yet, in spite of all, extremely moderate in price. Green band and chequer Wedgwood china may be mentioned as delightful in hand-painted ware. The traditional designs of the willow pattern remains a perpetual favourite. A small tea-set in this, procurable for half a guinea, would make an acceptable gift. A modern Heal design of a black chequer on a clear ivory ground is novel and cheerful for regular use, and anyone in search of pretty and unique china sets will find something to their taste at Heal's.

Dr. Barnardo's Soldier Boys

¶ We all feel the pinch of war prices. Lucky are they who do not have to economise on their charities, those free-will offerings to the brotherhood of man. Dr. Barnardo's Homes deserve the best support the nation can give them at all times, and now especially when 7,913 Barnardo Boys are serving their country in the Army and Navy and mercantile marine. The cost of food is steadily increasing, and every half-crown that can be spared means the preservation and care of the nation's destitute children. A contribution to "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Bill Fund" is a national and patriotic act, and will help to bring up the grand total of 150,000 half-crowns which is urgently needed. All contributions should be sent to the Honorary Director, Wm. Baker, M.A., LL.B., 18–26 Stepney Causeway, E.



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Distinctive and Artistic Millinery

¶ Choosing a hat is not as simple a matter as it sounds, for a hat must be becoming—it must be individual, and it must be comfortable and a joy to wear. The hats this season possess all these qualifications in addition to being really simple and smart in style. There is little trimming, but they have line and character, and one finds a choice collection in the millinery *salons* of Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, of Vere Street and Oxford Street, and a very artistic group in the window show. Fur hats are the latest attractions, and there are two in mole which are particularly desirable, one has a "halo" of silver lace on a little close-fitting cap-like crown, the other turns up all round, and has its blue satin brim edged with silver, and a silver and mole ornament on the fur crown. A hat which owes all its extreme smartness to its grace of line is in navy plush lined with silk to match.

A big soft beige felt, wreathed with small bright green ivy leaves, and underlined with brown velvet, is a very charming model, and a black velvet—rather a flat shape—round which a Paradise plume is laid with careless grace, is a most covetable model. A marquise shape in brown panne, trimmed with a feather edging and a dull gold ornament, is a charming and inexpensive hat at two and a half guineas. There are many smart close-fitting hats in black satin and in velvet, and there are fascinating hats in manchon and velours in the most artistic colourings, among which may be specially noted malachite-green and nasturtium-pink. A very good velour with the new shape crown can be had at 29s. 6d., and there are some lovely velour models at 39s. 6d. The right kind of hat is such an important finish to dress, and one can always get the right kind at Marshall and Snelgrove's.

The Art of Letter-Writing

¶ Since the day of Lord Chesterfield the art of letter-writing has steadily declined, but now that our soldiers are "marking time" in the trenches they are pouring out their hearts and souls to their people at home. The war has developed the lost art of letter-writing, and many books of letters published now will stand for all time as literary records of the greatest of all wars. The old quill pen and sand-box have passed, and a fountain pen is a necessary part of every modern soldier's equipment. Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen admirably fulfils the needs which are felt in the trenches for a strong, reliable, and easily self-filling pen. It may be had in three types: regular, half a guinea and upwards, and the safety and new lever pocket self-filling types are 15s. and upwards. The pen is made in hundreds of styles, and may be obtained everywhere. The lever-filling action of the Waterman pen is a remarkably ingenious and effective invention. The Pen Corner in Kingsway is well known as the home of the Waterman pen.

Help the Homeless

¶ There is no more pitiable state of affairs than to be a homeless refugee—such a refugee as a great Russian writer, V. Doroshevitch, described in that eloquent book recently published, entitled "The Way of the Cross"—and it is for the refugees whose sufferings he so eloquently describes that the sympathy of the reader is once more demanded. The sympathy that is practical—the only kind of sympathy it is our duty to offer—to feed the hungry. Help the homeless people of Poland by contributing to the Great Britain to Poland Fund. Every additional sovereign given to the Fund means the release of another fraction of the mighty pressure exerted on our heroic Ally, Russia, and to all who feel compassion for the broken men and women and starving children—victims of

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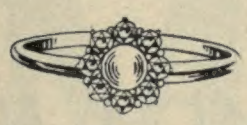

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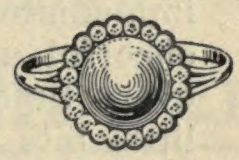

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"Viyella" for Winter Nights

¶ It is possible to keep warm in the daytime by moving about, but at night we must depend on clothing and bedclothes, for the open-window habit does not allow the temperature of the room to be warm. Those who have not yet acquired the "Viyella" habit should do so without delay, for it will certainly encourage sleep—an elusive goddess when one is cold. First, then, replace the cool linens which are delightful in summer time by "Viyella" sheets and pillow-cases, which are ideal for winter use, being absolutely smooth and soft and comfortable, as well as light and warm. Secondly, wear "Viyella" pyjamas and nightdresses, and health as well as restfulness is the certain result.

An "English Review" Y.M.C.A. Hut

Lend us your helping hand

¶ Ask the boys in training, the boys at the Front, or the boys at a loose end in London, or in any other big town, what has most helped to make soldiering endurable. What has been the bright, immediate hope in their lives, what has kept them human and cheerful most of all, and they will tell you the Y.M.C.A. huts, every time. These huts at the Sign of the Red Triangle are the little bits of home in a strange place, the one place where they find comfort and cheer, with no ulterior motive and no deference to spending power. No "Jump up, Jack, let John sit down" spirit; a place where they are welcome because they are British soldiers, boys away from home, weary for a little peace and comfort, a little clean and pleasant recreation, a resting spell in an ugly and horrible world. They have grit enough to see any job through they undertake, however long and however hard, but all the same they have the same love of comfort, cleanliness, and a cheerful, homelike welcome that they always had—a hundred times greater than ever before; and to these brave and simple boys the Y.M.C.A. hut is a very real help and happiness. These huts are not only making tens of thousands of lives tolerable, and thus helping us to win this long war, in which moral counts so immensely, they are helping us to keep our boys real sweet-blooded and clean-minded youngsters, such as we shall need when peace comes again for our new generation of citizens. This voluntary and benevolently supported work is doing the work of a great State department, and enormously helping the great scheme of a victorious campaign. It is a Red Cross work for the tired, shocked, and wounded minds of the boys, and anything done to help this work is a push to the Great Push, a subscription to England's greatness and England's cause. It is difficult to see how one can better help on victory than by adding power to the organisation which has accomplished so much, and which needs only money to do still more. A very small contribution from each reader of this Review would complete one of these admirable huts. Surely every reader will help to make the coming winter bearable to our boys, and to give them the thing they most ache for—a bit of brightness in the dark. Will you send to-day your kindly donation to The Editor, *English Review,* 17-21 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

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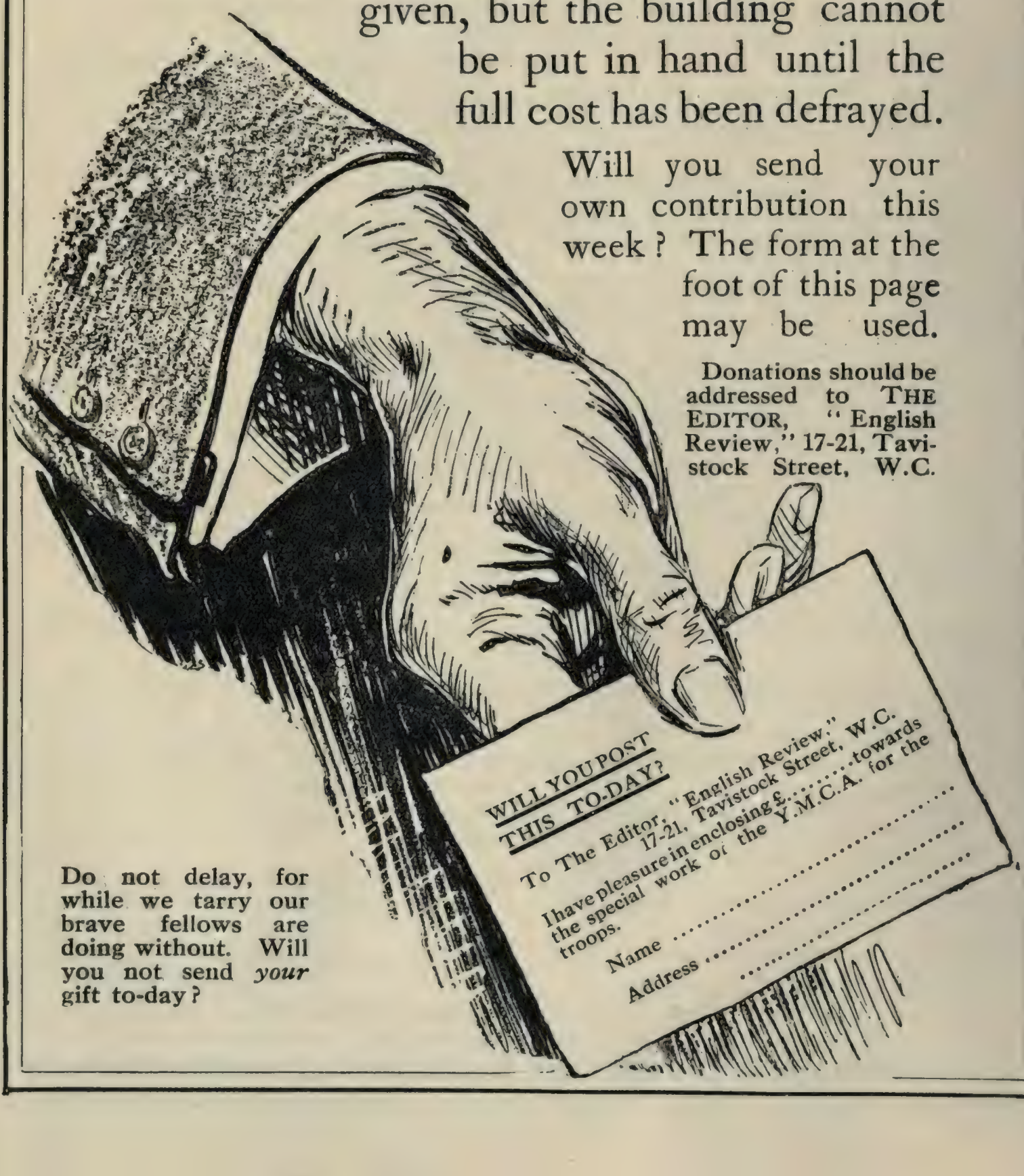
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Edited by Austin Harrison

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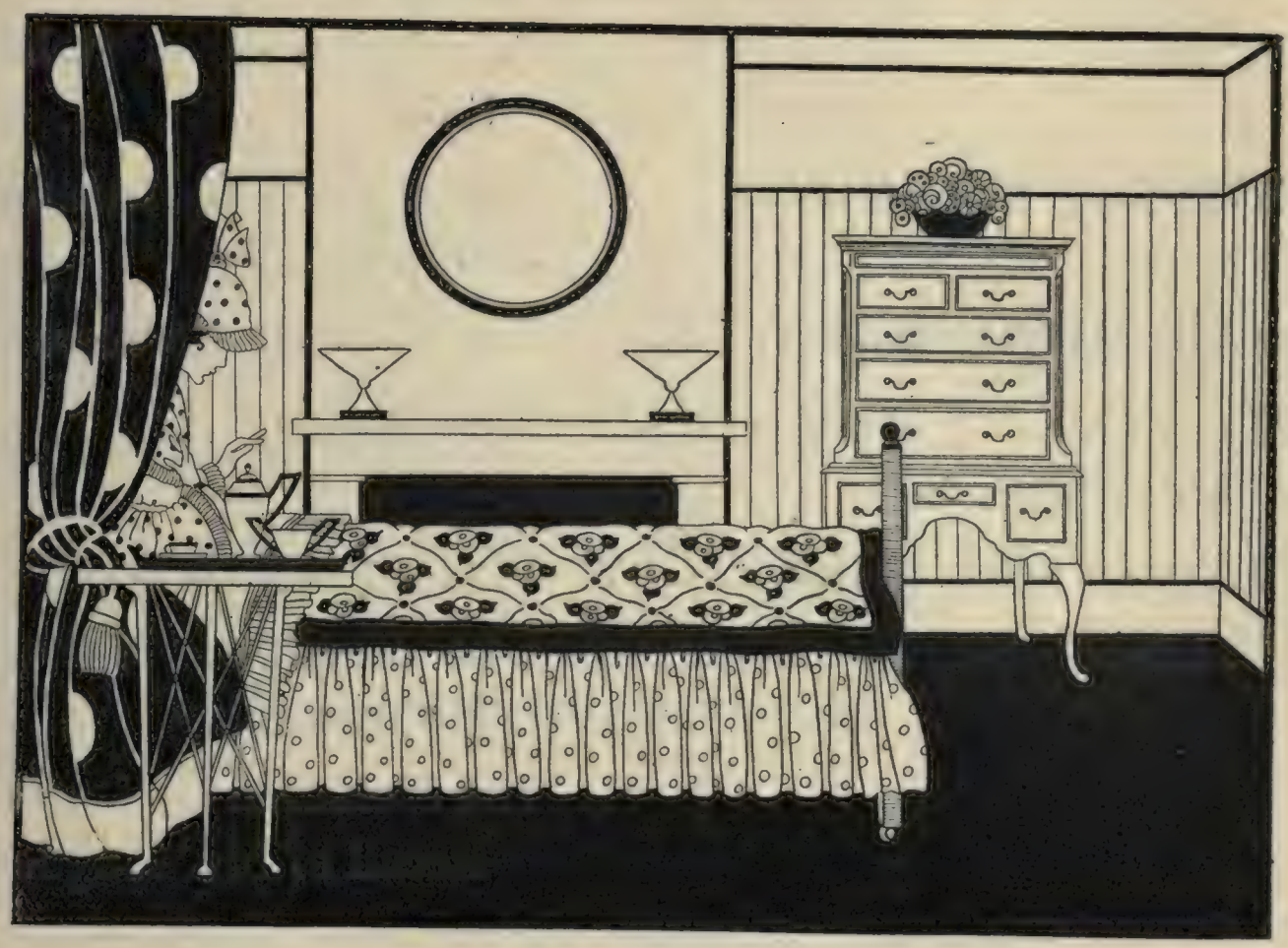

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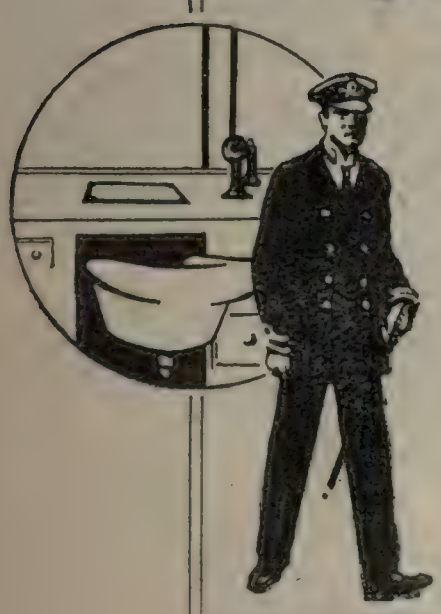

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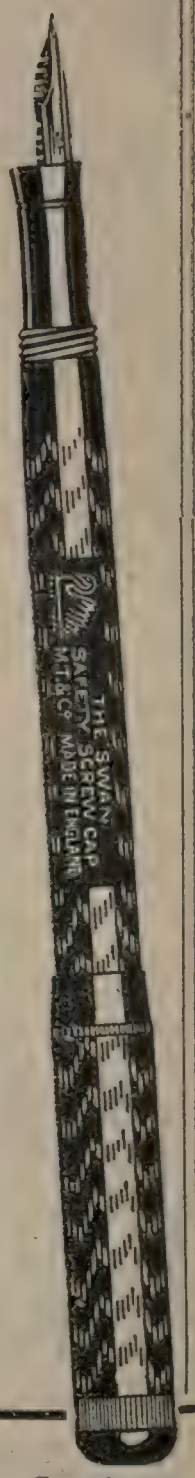

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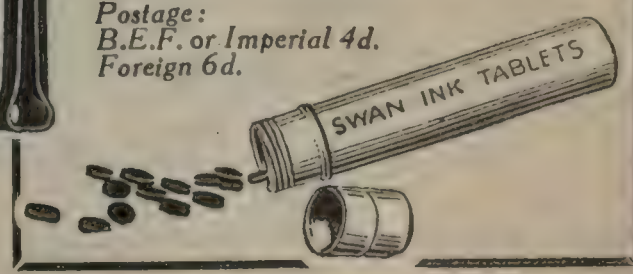

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[*Page facing first matter*

THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1916

Bluebell Night

By Muriel Stuart

WHEN Earth stands trembling on the brink of June,
Spring reads the writing on the sunset's wall,
And "Farewell" on the bright page of the moon,
While one by one in heaven's Cimmerian pall
Vague stars are lit for rites funereal.
She hears Night toll the hour of her farewell,
And seeks once more a breast whereon to die,—
In the last wood to yield to Summer's spell,
That still dreams on with wide and tranquil eye
When the great huntress June doth rake the sky
And sow the world with heat, still sees its cool
Green image mirrored in the enchanted pool.

Past the low track where many a groaning cart
Has lurched above the beating of Spring's heart
She fleets, June's arrows falling swift and bright;
The creening curlew-wind wails, following,
The old wheel-wounds are filled with flowers to-night.
Her reels of gold, blue skein and yellow bead
Fall from her hand as wild and white she goes,
The poppy lacking still a golden thread,
Her needle pricking still the unfinished rose.

The lean, swift bramble hastens o'er the stones,—
A gipsy Autumn makes an emperor
Splendoured in purple, glorious in gold;
He heeds not April's tale so swiftly told,

And the young trees whom she may tend no more
Forget their cradle-songs in April's house,
And on Earth's shoulders take colossal hold,
Against the sun spread vast pavilions,
And stun the great storms with huge thunderous brows.
Only the playthings of the year that fade
Forgotten in June's savage, fresh desire,—
The weaving-ends of April—shall be laid,—
Sweet slaves—upon her pyre.

To-night the bluebells die, already wan
With prescience of her whose death is theirs;
A sheathing wing the solemn thicket bears,
Though heedless birds sing on,
Though in the listening moonlight wanders still
The wide-lipped water talking in her sleep,
And far beyond the hill,
Across the heaven's golden vast divide
The twilight rose nods to the lily moon;
Too old, too wise to weep,
They watch where Spring has fall'n, and see her swoon
With the long spear of Summer in her side.

From April's dying hand the jewels fall,
The hawthorn folds her frail embroidery,
The drowsy hyacinth puts out her light;
Gold-throated flowers that lured the pirate bee
Fade like old dreams across the face of night,
Of whom stern Day forbids memorial.

* * * * * *

Something of Spring must die in us to-night—
Something the full-lipped Summer may not know,—
The sharp, sad rapture, the impetuous flight
That finds all heavens too near, all heights too low;
When Dawn seems but a glittering rose to throw
To a mad world, and from Youth's beakers flow
The keen, the sparkling Daysprings of Delight!

But not for ever! All that died to-night
Has heard one same sweet word, and knows that Change
Though seeming wild and strange,
Seeming to stamp its heel on all delight,

And giving Beauty only grace to die,
Shall bring a rich to-morrow; though Spring lie
Dead as the first faith in Youth's sepulchre,
She shall return, and glide,—
A white swan moving on the green Spring-tide—
Soon shall a snowdrop quicken in her side,
And round her lips a little sigh shall stir. . . .
While loud December stamps the frozen ways
Leave her to dreamless nights and deedless days,
And strew the paling bluebells over her.

"The Everlasting Terror"

To Bobby

By J. R. Ackerley

For fourteen years since I began
I learnt to be a gentleman,
I learnt that two and two made four
And all the other college lore,
That all that's good and right and fit
Was copied in the Holy Writ,
That rape was wrong and murder worse
Than stealing money from a purse,
That if your neighbour caused you pain
You turned the other cheek again,
And vaguely did I learn the rhyme
"Oh give us peace, Lord, in our time,
And grant us Peace in Heaven as well,
And save our souls from fire in Hell";
So since the day that I began
I learnt to be a gentleman.

But when I'd turned nineteen and more
I took my righteousness to War.
The one thing that I can't recall
Is why I went to war at all;
I wasn't brave, nor coward quite,
But still I went, and I was right.

But now I'm nearly twenty-two
And hale as any one of you;
I've killed more men than I can tell
And been through many forms of Hell,
And now I come to think of it
They tell you in the Holy Writ
That Hell's a place of misery
Where Laughter stands in pillory

And Vice and Hunger walk abroad
And breed contagion 'gainst the Lord.
Well, p'r'aps it is, but all the same,
It heals the halt, the blind, the lame,
It takes and tramples down your pride
And sin and vainness fall beside,
It turns you out a better fool
Than you were taught to be at school,
And, what the Bible does not tell,
It gives you gentleness as well.

Oh, God! I've heard the screams of men
In suffering beyond our ken,
And shuddered at the thought that I
Might scream as well if I should die.
I've seen them crushed or torn to bits,—
Oh, iron tears you where it hits!
And when the flag of Dawn unfurls
They cry—not God's name, but their girls',
Whose shades, perhaps, like Night's cool breath,
Are present on that field of death,
And sit and weep and tend them there,
God's halo blazing round their hair.
"Thou shalt not kill." But in the grime
Of smoke and blood and smell of lime
Which creeping men have scattered round
A blood-disfigured piece of ground,
When Time weighs on you like a ton,
And Terror makes your water run,
And earth and sky are red with flame,
And Death is standing there to claim
His toll among you, when the hour
Arrives when you must show your power
And take your little fighting chance,
Get up and out and so advance,
When crimson swims before your eyes
And in your mouth strange oaths arise,
Then something in you seems to break
And thoughts you never dreamt of wake
Upon your brain and drive you on,
So that you stab till life is gone,

So that you throttle, shoot or stick,
A shrinking man and don't feel sick
Nor feel one little jot of shame;
My God, but it's a bloody game!

Oh yes, I've seen it all and more,
And felt the knocker on Death's door;
I've been wherever Satan takes you,
And Hell is good, because it makes you.
As long as you're a man, I say,
The "gentle" part will find its way
And catch you up like all the rest—
For love I give the Tommy best!
No need to learn of Christ's Temptation,
There's gentleness in all creation,
It's born in you like seeds in pears,
It ups and takes you unawares,
It's Christ again, the real Lover
And not the corpse we languish over.
It makes us see, our vision clearer;
When Christ is in us He is dearer,
We love Him when we understand
That each of us may hold His hand,
May walk with Him by day or night
In meditation towards the light;
It's better far than paying shillings
For paper books with rusty fillings
Which say eternal punishment
Is due to those poor men who've spent
Their lives in gambling, drinking, whoring,
As though there were some angel scoring
Black marks against you for your sins
And he who gets the least marks wins.
This was a word Christ never sent,
This talk of awful punishment;
You're born into a world of sin
Which Jesus' touch will guide you in,
And when you die your soul returns
To Christ again, with all its burns,
In all its little nakedness,
In tears, in sorrow, to confess

"THE EVERLASTING TERROR"

That it has failed as those before
To walk quite straight from door to door:
And Christ will sigh instead of kiss,
And Hell and punishment are this.

And so through all my life and days,
In all my walks, through all my ways,
The lasting terror of the war
Will live with me for evermore.
Of all the pals whom I have missed
There's one, I know, whom Christ has kissed,
And in his memory I'll find
The sweetness of the bitter rind –
Of lonely life in front of me
And terror's sleepless memory.

June 30th, 1916.

The Shadow-line (iii)

By Joseph Conrad

The first thing I saw down there was the body and head of a man projecting backwards, as it were, from one of the doors at the foot of the stairs. His eyes looked at me very wide and still. In one hand he held a dinner plate, in the other a cloth.

"I am your new Captain," I said quietly.

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, he had got rid of the plate and the cloth and jumped to open the cabin door. As soon as I passed into the saloon he vanished, but only to reappear instantly, buttoning up a jacket he had put on with the swiftness of a "quick-change" artist.

"Where's the chief mate?" I asked.

"In the hold, I think, sir. I saw him go down the after-hatch ten minutes ago."

"Tell him I am on board."

The mahogany table under the skylight shone in the twilight like a dark pool of water. The sideboard, surmounted by a wide looking-glass in an ormolu frame, had a marble top. It bore a pair of silver-plated lamps and some other pieces—obviously a harbour display. The saloon itself was panelled in two kinds of wood in the excellent, simple taste prevailing when the ship was built.

I sat down in the armchair at the head of the table—the captain's chair, with a small tell-tale compass swung above it—a mute reminder of unremitting vigilance.

A succession of men had sat in that chair. I became aware of that thought suddenly, vividly, as though each had left a little of himself between the four walls of these ornate bulkheads; a sort of composite soul, the soul of the command which had whispered suddenly to mine of long days at sea and of anxious moments.

"You, too!" it seemed to say, "you, too, shall taste of that peace and that unrest in a searching intimacy with

your own self—obscure as we were and as supreme in the face of all the winds and all the seas, in an immensity that receives no impress, preserves no memories, and keeps no reckoning of lives."

Deep within the tarnished ormolu frame, in the hot half-light sifted through the awning, I saw my own face propped between my hands and staring at myself with the perfect detachment of distance, rather with curiosity than with any other feeling, except of some sympathy for this latest representative of what for all intents and purposes was a dynasty, continuous not in blood, indeed, but in its experience, in its training, in its conception of duty, and in the blessed simplicity of its traditional point of view on life.

It struck me that this quietly staring man whom I was watching, both as if he were myself and somebody else, was not exactly a lonely figure. He had his place in a line of men whom he did not know, of whom he had never heard; but who were fashioned by the same influences, whose souls in relation to their humble life's work had no secrets for him.

Suddenly I perceived that there was another man in the saloon, standing a little on one side and looking intently at me. The chief mate. His long, red moustache determined the character of his physiognomy, which struck me as pugnacious in (strange to say) a ghastly sort of way.

How long had he been there looking at me, appraising me in my unguarded day-dreaming state? I would have been more disconcerted if, having the cabin clock right in front of me, I had not noticed that its long hand had hardly moved at all.

I could not have been in that cabin more than two minutes altogether. Say three. . . . So he could not have been watching me more than a mere fraction of a minute, luckily. Still, I regretted the occurrence.

But I showed nothing of it as I rose leisurely (it had to be leisurely) and greeted him with perfect friendliness.

There was something reluctant and at the same time attentive in his bearing. His name was Burns. We left the cabin and went round the ship together. His face in the full light of day appeared very pale, meagre, even haggard. Somehow I had a delicacy as to looking too

often at him; his eyes, on the contrary, seemed fairly glued on my face. They were greenish and had an expectant expression.

He answered all my questions readily enough, but my ear seemed to catch a tone of unwillingness. The second officer, with three or four hands, was busy forward. The mate mentioned his name and I nodded to him in passing. He was very young. He struck me as rather a cub.

When we returned below I sat down on one end of a deep, semi-circular, or, rather, semi-oval settee, upholstered in red plush. It extended right across the whole after-end of the cabin. Mr. Burns, motioned to sit down, dropped into one of the swivel-chairs round the table, and kept his eyes on me as persistently as ever, and with that strange air as if all this were make-believe and he expected me to get up, burst into a laugh, slap him on the back, and vanish from the cabin.

There was a sort of earnestness in the situation which began to make me uncomfortable. I tried to react against this vague feeling.

"It's only my inexperience," I thought.

In the face of that man, several years, I judged, older than myself, I became aware of what I had left already behind me—my youth. And that was indeed poor comfort. Youth is a fine thing, a mighty power—as long as one does not think of it. I felt I was becoming self-conscious. Almost against my will I assumed a moody gravity. I said: "I see you have kept her in very good order, Mr. Burns."

Directly I had uttered these words I asked myself angrily why the deuce did I want to say that? Mr. Burns in answer had only blinked at me. What on earth did he mean?

I fell back on a question which had been in my thoughts for a long time—the most natural question on the lips of any seaman whatever joining a ship. I voiced it (confound this self-consciousness) in a *dégagé* cheerful tone: "I suppose she can travel—what?"

Now a question like this might have been answered normally, either in accents of apologetic sorrow or with a visibly suppressed pride, in a "I don't want to boast, but you shall see" sort of tone. There are sailors, too, who

would have been brutally frank: "Slow brute," or frankly delighted: "She's a flyer." Two ways, if four manners.

But Mr. Burns found another way, a way of his own which had, anyhow, the merit of saving his breath, if no other.

He did not say anything. He only smiled. And it was an angry smile. I waited. Nothing more came.

"What's the matter? . . . Can't you tell me after being nearly two years in the ship?" I addressed him sharply.

He looked as startled for a moment as though he had discovered my presence only that very moment. But this passed off almost at once. He put on an air of indifference. But I suppose he thought it better to say something. He said that a ship needed, just like a man, the chance to show the best she could do, and that this ship had never had a chance since he had been on board of her. Not that he could remember. The last captain . . . He paused.

"Has he been so very unlucky?" I asked with unconcealed incredulity. Mr. Burns turned his eyes away from me. No, the late captain was not an unlucky man. One couldn't say that. But he had not seemed to want to make use of his luck.

Mr. Burns—man of enigmatic moods—made this statement with an inanimate face and staring wilfully at the rudder casing. The statement itself was obscurely suggestive. I asked quietly:

"Where did he die?"

"In this saloon. Just where you are sitting now," answered Mr. Burns.

I repressed an absurd impulse to jump up; but upon the whole I was relieved to hear that he had not died in the bed which was now mine. I pointed out to the chief mate that what I really wanted to know was where he had buried his late captain.

Mr. Burns said that it was at the entrance to the gulf. A roomy grave; a sufficient answer. But the mate, overcoming visibly something within him—something like a curious reluctance to believe in my advent (as something serious, at any rate), did not stop at that—though, indeed, he may have wished to do so.

As a compromise with his feelings, I believe, he addressed himself persistently to the rudder-casing, so that

to me he had the appearance of a man talking in solitude, a little unconsciously, however.

His tale was that at seven bells in the forenoon watch he had all hands mustered on the quarter-deck and told them that they had better go down to say good-bye to the captain.

Those words, as if grudged to an intruding personage, were enough for me to evoke vividly that strange ceremony: The bare-footed, bare-headed seamen ranging themselves in a row against that sideboard, uncomfortable rather than moved, shirts open on sunburnt chests, weather-beaten faces, and all staring at the dying man with the same grave and expectant expression.

"Was he conscious?" I asked.

"He didn't speak, but he moved his eyes to look at them," said the mate.

After waiting a moment Mr. Burns motioned the crew to leave the cabin, but he detained the two oldest men to stay with the captain while he went on deck with his sextant to "take the sun." It was getting towards noon and he was anxious to get a good observation for latitude. When he returned below to put his sextant away he found that the two men had retreated out into the lobby. Through the open door he saw the captain lying easy against the pillows. He had "passed away" while Mr. Burns was taking this observation. As near noon as possible. He had hardly changed his position.

Mr. Burns sighed, glanced at me inquisitively, as much as to say, "Aren't you going yet?" and then turned away from his new captain back to the old, who, being dead, had no authority, was not in anybody's way, and was much easier to deal with.

Mr. Burns dealt with him at some length. He was a strange man—of sixty-five about—iron grey, hard-faced, obstinate, and uncommunicative. He used to keep the ship loafing at sea for inscrutable reasons. Would come on deck at night sometimes, take some sail off her, God only knows why or wherefore, then go below, shut himself up in his cabin and play on the violin for hours—till daybreak perhaps. In fact, he spent most of his time day or night playing the violin. That was when the fit took him. Very loud, too.

It came to this, that Mr. Burns mustered his courage one day and remonstrated earnestly with the captain. Neither he nor the second mate could get a wink of sleep in their watches below for the noise. . . . And how could they be expected to keep awake while on duty? he pleaded. The answer of that stern man was that if he and the second mate didn't like the noise, they were welcome to take their traps and walk over the side. When this episode took place the ship was 800 miles from the nearest land.

Mr. Burns at this point looked at me with an air of curiosity. I began to think that my predecessor was really a strange old man.

But I had to hear stranger things yet. It came out that this stern, grim, wind-tanned, rough, sea-salted, taciturn man of sixty-five was not only an artist, but a lover as well. In Haiphong, when they got there after a course of most unprofitable peregrinations (during which the ship was nearly lost twice), he got himself, in Mr. Burns' own words, "mixed up" with some woman. Mr. Burns had had no personal knowledge of that affair, but positive evidence of it existed in the shape of a photograph taken in Haiphong. Mr. Burns found it in one of the drawers in the captain's room.

In due course I, too, saw that amazing human document (I even threw it overboard later). There he sat, with his hands reposing on his knees, bald, squat, grey, bristly, recalling a wild boar somehow; and by his side towered an awful, mature, white female with rapacious nostrils and a cheaply ill-omened stare in her enormous eyes. She was disguised in some semi-oriental, vulgar, fancy costume. She resembled a low-class medium or one of those women who tell fortunes by cards for half-a-crown. And yet she was striking. A professional sorceress from the slums. It was incomprehensible. There was something awful in the thought that she was the last reflection of the world of passion for the fierce soul which seemed to look at one out of the sardonically savage face of that old seaman. However, I noted that she was holding some musical instrument —guitar or mandoline—in her hand. Perhaps that was the secret of her sortilege.

For Mr. Burns that photograph explained why the unloaded ship was kept sweltering at anchor for three weeks

in a pestilential hot harbour without air. They lay there and gasped. The captain, appearing now and then on short visits, mumbled to Mr. Burns unlikely tales about some letters he was waiting for.

Suddenly, after vanishing for a week, he came on board in the middle of the night and took the ship out to sea with the first break of dawn. Daylight showed him looking wild and ill. The mere getting clear of the land took two days, and somehow or other they bumped slightly on a reef. However, no leak developed, and the captain, growling "no matter," informed Mr. Burns that he had made up his mind to take the ship to Hong Kong and dry-dock her there.

At this Mr. Burns was plunged into despair. For, indeed, to beat up to Hong Kong against a fierce monsoon, with a ship not sufficiently ballasted and with her supply of water not completed, was an insane project.

But the captain growled peremptorily, "Stick her at it," and Mr. Burns, dismayed and enraged, stuck her at it, and kept her at it, blowing away sails, straining the spars, exhausting the crew—nearly maddened by the absolute conviction that the attempt was impossible and was bound to end in some catastrophe.

Meantime the captain, shut up in his cabin and wedged in a corner of his settee against the crazy bounding of the ship, played the violin—or, at any rate, made continuous noise on it.

When he appeared on deck he would not speak, and not always answer when spoken to. It was obvious that he was ill in some mysterious manner, and beginning to break up.

As the days went by the sounds of the violin became less and less loud, till at last only a feeble scratching would meet Mr. Burns' ear as he stood in the saloon listening outside the door of the captain's state-room.

One afternoon in perfect desperation he burst into that room and made such a scene, tearing his hair and shouting such horrid imprecations that he cowed the contemptuous spirit of the sick man. The water-tanks were low, they had not gained 50 miles in a fortnight. She would never reach Hong Kong.

It was like fighting desperately towards destruction for

the ship and the men. This was evident without argument. Mr. Burns, losing all restraint, put his face close to his Captain's and fairly yelled: "You, sir, are going out of the world. But I can't wait till you are dead before I put the helm up. You must do it yourself. You must do it now!"

The man on the couch snarled in contempt. "So I am going out of the world—am I?"

"Yes, sir—you haven't many days left in it," said Mr. Burns calming down. "One can see it by your face."

"My face, eh? . . . . Well, put the helm up and be damned to you."

Burns flew on deck, got the ship before the wind, then came down again composed, but resolute.

"I've shaped a course for Pulo Condor, sir," he said. "After we sight it, if you are still with us, you'll tell me into what port you wish me to take the ship and I'll do it."

The old man gave him a look of savage spite, and said those atrocious words in deadly, slow tones.

"If I had my wish, neither the ship nor any of you would ever reach a port. And I hope you won't."

Mr. Burns was profoundly shocked. I believe he was positively frightened at the time. It seems, however, that he managed to produce such an effective laugh that it was the old man's turn to be frightened. He shrank within himself and turned his back on him.

"And his head was not gone then," Mr. Burns assured me excitedly. "He meant every word of it."

Such was practically the late captain's last speech. No connected sentence passed his lips afterwards. That night he threw his fiddle overboard. No one had actually seen him do it, but after his death Mr. Burns couldn't find it anywhere. The empty case was very much in evidence, but the fiddle was nowhere in the ship. And where else could it have gone to but overboard?

"Threw his violin overboard!" I exclaimed.

"He did," cried Mr. Burns excitedly. "And it's my belief he would have tried to take the ship down with him if it had been in human power. He never meant to take her home again. He wouldn't write to his owners, he never wrote to his old wife either—he wasn't going to. He meant to cut adrift from everything. That's what it was. He didn't care for business, or freights, or for making a passage

—nor nothing. He meant to have gone wandering about the world till he lost her with all hands."

Mr. Burns looked like a man who had escaped a great danger. For a little he would have exclaimed: "If it hadn't been for me!" And the transparent innocence of his indignant eyes was underlined quaintly by the arrogant pair of moustaches which he proceeded to twist, and as if extend, horizontally.

I might have smiled if I had not been busy with my own sensations, which were not those of Mr. Burns. I was already the man in command. My sensations could not be like those of any other man on board. In that community I stood, like a king in his country, in a class all by myself. I mean an hereditary king, not a mere elected head of a state. I was brought there to rule by an agency as remote from the people and as inscrutable almost to them as the Grace of God.

And like a member of a dynasty, feeling a semi-mystical bond with the dead, I was a little shocked by my immediate predecessor.

That man had been in all essentials but his age just such another man as myself. Yet the end of his life was a complete act of treason, the betrayal of a tradition which seemed to me as imperative as any guide on earth could be. It seemed as if even at sea a man could become the prey of evil spirits. I felt on my face the breath of unknown powers that shape our destinies.

Not to let the silence last too long I asked Mr. Burns if he had written to his captain's wife. He shook his head. He had written to nobody.

In a moment he became sombre. He never thought of writing. It took him all his time to watch incessantly the loading of the ship by a Chinese stevedore. In this Mr. Burns gave me the first glimpse of the real chief mate's soul which inhabited his body.

He mused, then exploded gloomily.

"Yes! The captain died as near noon as possible. I looked through his papers in the afternoon. I read the service over him at sunset and then I stuck the ship's head north and brought her in here. I—brought—her—in."

He struck the table with his fist.

"She would hardly have come in by herself," I

observed. "But why didn't you make for Singapore rather?"

His eyes wavered. "The nearest port," he muttered sullenly.

I had framed the question in perfect innocence, but this answer (the difference in distance was insignificant) and his manner offered me a clue to the simple truth. He took the ship to a port where he expected to be confirmed in his charge from lack of a qualified master to put over his head. Whereas Singapore, he surmised justly, would be full of qualified men. But his naïve reasoning forgot to take into account the telegraph cable reposing on the bottom of the very Gulf up which he had turned that ship which he imagined himself to have saved from destruction. Hence the bitter flavour of our interview. I tasted it more and more distinctly—and it was less and less to my taste.

"Look here, Mr. Burns," I began, very firmly. "You may as well understand that I did not run after this command. It was pushed in my way. I've accepted it. I am here to take the ship home first of all, and you may be sure that I shall see to it that every one of you, on board here does his duty to that end. This is all I have to say—for the present."

He was on his feet by this time, but instead of taking his dismissal he remained with trembling, indignant lips, and looking at me hard as though, really, after this, there was nothing for me to do in common decency but to vanish from his outraged sight. Like all very simple emotional states this was moving. I felt sorry for him—almost sympathetic, till (seeing that I did not vanish) he spoke in a tone of forced restraint.

"If I hadn't a wife and a child at home you may be sure, sir, I would have asked you to let me go the very minute you came on board."

I answered him with a matter-of-course calmness as though some remote third person were in question.

"And I, Mr. Burns, would not have let you go. You have signed the ship's articles as chief-officer, and till they are terminated at the final port of discharge I shall expect you to do your duty and give me the benefit of your experience to the best of your ability."

Stony incredulity lingered in his eyes; but it broke down

before my friendly smile. With a slight upward toss of his arms (I got to know that gesture well afterwards) he bolted out of the cabin.

We might have saved ourselves that little passage of harmless sparring. Before many days had elapsed it was Mr. Burns who was pleading with me anxiously not to leave him behind; while I could only return him but doubtful answers. The whole thing took on a somewhat tragic complexion.

And this horrible problem was only an extraneous episode, a mere complication in the general problem of how to get that ship—which was mine with her appurtenances and her men, with her body and her spirit now slumbering in that pestilential river—how to get her out to sea.

Mr. Burns, while still acting captain, had hastened to sign a charter-party which in an ideal world without guile would have been an excellent document. Directly I ran my eye over it I foresaw trouble ahead unless the people of the other part were quite exceptionally fair-minded and open to argument.

Mr. Burns, to whom I imparted my fears, chose to take great umbrage at them. He looked at me with that usual incredulous stare, and said bitterly:

"I suppose, sir, you want to make out I've acted like a fool?"

I told him, with my systematic kindly smile which always seemed to augment his surprise, that I did not want to make out anything. I would leave that to the future.

And, sure enough, the future brought in a lot of trouble. There were days when I used to remember Captain Giles with nothing short of abhorrence. His confounded acuteness had let me in for this job; while his prophecy that I "would have my hands full" coming true, made it appear as if done on purpose to play an evil joke on my young innocence.

Yes. I had my hands full of complications which were most valuable as "experience." People have a great opinion of the advantages of experience. But in this connection experience means always something disagreeable as opposed to the charm and innocence of illusions.

I must say I was losing mine rapidly. But on these instructive complications I must not enlarge more than to

say that they could all be resumed in the one word: Delay.

A mankind which has invented the proverb, "Time is money," will understand my vexation. The word "Delay" entered the secret chamber of my brain, resounded there like a tolling bell which maddens the ear, affected all my senses, took on a black colouring, a bitter taste, a deadly meaning.

"I am really sorry to see you worried like this. Indeed, I am . . ."

It was the only humane speech I used to hear at that time. And it came from a doctor, appropriately enough.

A doctor is humane by definition. But that man was so in reality. His speech was not professional. I was not ill. But other people were, and that was the reason of his visiting the ship.

He was the doctor of our Legation and, of course, of the Consulate too. He looked after the ship's health, which generally was poor, and trembling, as it were, on the verge of a break-up. Yes. The men ailed. And thus time was not only money, but life as well.

I had never seen such a steady ship's company. As the doctor remarked to me: "You seem to have a most respectable lot of seamen." Not only were they consistently sober, but they did not even want to go ashore. Care was taken to expose them as little as possible to the sun. They were employed on light work under the awnings. And the humane doctor commended me.

"Your arrangements appear to be very judicious, my dear Captain."

It is difficult to express how much that pronouncement comforted me. His round full face framed in a light-coloured whisker was the perfection of a dignified amenity. He was the only human being in the world who seemed to take the slightest interest in me. He would generally sit in the cabin for half-an-hour or so at every visit.

I said to him one day:

"I suppose the only thing now is to keep the men going as you are doing till I can get the ship to sea?"

He inclined his head, shutting his eyes under the large spectacles, and murmured:

"The sea . . . undoubtedly."

The first member of the crew fairly knocked over was the steward—the first man to whom I had spoken on board. He was taken ashore (with choleraic symptoms) and died there at the end of a week. Then, while I was still under the startling impression of this first home-thrust of the climate, Mr. Burns gave up and went to bed in a raging fever without saying a word to anybody.

I believe he had partly fretted himself into that illness; the climate did the rest with the alacrity of an invisible monster ambushed in the air, in the water, in the mud of the river-bank. Mr. Burns was a predestined victim.

I discovered him lying on his back, glaring sullenly and radiating heat on one like a small furnace. He would hardly answer my questions, and only grumbled: "Can't a man take an afternoon off duty with a bad headache—for once?"

That evening, as I sat in the saloon after dinner, I could hear him muttering continuously in his room. Ransome, who was clearing the table, said to me:

"I am afraid, sir, I won't be able to give the mate all the attention he's likely to need. I will have to be forward in the galley a great part of my time."

Ransome was the cook. The mate had pointed him out to me the first day, standing on the deck, his arms crossed on his broad chest, gazing on the river.

Even at a distance his well-proportioned figure, something thoroughly sailor-like in his poise, made him noticeable. On nearer view the intelligent, quiet eyes, a well-bred face, the disciplined independence of his manner made up an attractive personality. When, in addition, Mr. Burns told me that he was the best seaman in the ship, I expressed my surprise that in his earliest prime and of such appearance he should sign on as cook on board a ship.

"It's his heart," Mr. Burns had said. "There's something wrong with it. He mustn't exert himself too much or he may drop dead suddenly."

And he was the only one the climate had not touched—perhaps because, carrying a deadly enemy in his breast, he had schooled himself into a systematic control of feelings and movements. When one was in the secret this was apparent in his manner. After the poor steward died, and

as he could not be replaced by a white man in this Oriental port, Ransome had volunteered to do the double work.

"I can do it all right, sir, as long as I go about it quietly," he had assured me.

But obviously he couldn't be expected to take up sick-nursing in addition. Moreover, the doctor peremptorily ordered Mr. Burns ashore.

With a seaman on each side holding him up under the arms, the mate went ashore more sullen than ever. We built him up with pillows in the gharry, and he made an effort to say brokenly:

"Now—you've got—what you wanted—got me out of —the ship."

"You were never more mistaken in your life, Mr. Burns," I said quietly, duly smiling at him; and the trap drove off to a sort of sanatorium, a pavilion of bricks which the doctor had in the grounds of his residence.

I went to see Mr. Burns regularly. After the early days, when he didn't know anybody, he received me as if I had come either to gloat over an enemy or else to curry favour with a deeply-wronged person. It was either one or the other, just as it happened according to his fantastic sick-room moods. Whichever it was, he managed to convey it to me even during the period when he appeared almost too weak to talk. I treated him to my invariable smile.

Then one day, suddenly, a surge of downright panic burst through all this craziness.

If I left him behind in this deadly place he would die. He felt it, he was certain of it. But I wouldn't have the heart to leave him ashore. He had a wife and child in Sydney.

He produced his wasted forearms from under the sheet which covered him and clasped his fleshless claws. He would die! He would die here. . . .

He absolutely managed to sit up, but only for a moment, and when he fell back I really thought that he would die there and then. I called to the Bengali dispenser, and hastened away from the room.

Next day he upset me thoroughly by renewing his entreaties. I returned an evasive answer, and left him the picture of ghastly despair. The day after I went in with

reluctance, and he attacked me at once in a much stronger voice and with an abundance of argument which was quite startling. He presented his case with a sort of crazy vigour, and asked me finally how would I like to have a man's death on my conscience? He wanted me to promise that I would not sail without him.

I said that I really must consult the doctor first. He cried out at that. The doctor! Never! That would be a death sentence.

The effort had exhausted him. He closed his eyes, but went on rambling in a low voice. I had hated him from the start. The late captain had hated him too. Had wished him dead. Had wished all hands dead. . . .

"What do you want to stand in with that wicked corpse for, sir? He'll have you too," he ended, blinking his glazed eyes vacantly.

"Mr. Burns," I cried, very much discomposed, "what on earth are you talking about?"

He seemed to come to himself, though he was too weak to start.

"I don't know," he said languidly. "But don't ask that doctor, sir. You and I are sailors. Don't ask him, sir. Some day perhaps you will have a wife and child yourself."

And again he pleaded for the promise that I would not leave him behind. I had the firmness of mind not to give it to him. Afterwards this sternness seemed criminal; for my mind was made up. That prostrated man, with hardly strength enough to breathe and ravaged by a passionate desire, was irresistible. And, besides, he had happened to hit on the right words. He and I were sailors. That was a claim, for I had no other family. As to the wife and child (some day) argument it had no force. It sounded merely bizarre.

I could imagine no claim that would be stronger and more absorbing than the claim of that ship, of these men snared in the river by silly commercial complications, as if in some poisonous trap.

However, I had nearly fought my way out. Out to sea. The sea—which was pure, safe, and friendly. Three days more.

That thought sustained and carried me on my way back to the ship. In the saloon the doctor's voice greeted me,

and his large form followed his voice, issuing out of the starboard spare cabin where the ship's medicine chest was kept securely lashed in the bed-place.

Finding that I was not on board he had gone in there, he said, to inspect the supply of drugs, bandages, and so on. Everything was completed and in order.

I thanked him; I had just been thinking of asking him to do that very thing, as in a couple of days, as he knew, we were going to sea, where all our troubles of every sort would be over at last.

He listened gravely and made no answer. But when I opened to him my mind as to Mr. Burns he sat down by my side, and, laying his hand on my knee amicably, begged me to think what it was I was exposing myself to.

The man was just strong enough to bear being moved and no more. But he couldn't stand a return of the fever. I had before me a passage of sixty days perhaps, beginning with intricate navigation and ending probably with a lot of bad weather. Could I run the risk of having to go through it single-handed, with no chief officer and with a second quite a youth? . . .

He might have added that it was my first command too. He did probably think of that fact, for he checked himself. It was very present to my mind.

He advised me earnestly to cable to Singapore for a chief officer, even if I had to delay my sailing for a week.

"Never," I said. The very thought gave me the shivers. The hands seemed fairly fit, all of them, and this was the time to get them away. Once at sea I was not afraid of facing anything. The sea was now the only remedy for all my troubles.

The doctor's glasses were directed at me like two lamps searching the genuineness of my resolution. He opened his lips as if to argue further, but shut them again without saying anything. I had a vision of poor Burns so vivid in his exhaustion, helplessness, and anguish, that it moved me more than the reality I had come away from only an hour before. It was purged from the drawbacks of his personality, and I could not resist it.

"Look here," I said. "Unless you tell me officially that the man must not be moved I'll make arrangements to have him brought on board to-morrow, and shall take

the ship out of the river next morning, even if I have to anchor outside the bar for a couple of days to get her ready for sea."

"Oh! I'll make all the arrangements myself," said the doctor at once. "I spoke as I did only as a friend—as a well-wisher, and that sort of thing."

He rose in his dignified simplicity and gave me a warm handshake, rather solemnly, I thought. But he was as good as his word. When Mr. Burns appeared at the gangway carried on a stretcher, the doctor himself walked by its side. The programme had been altered in so far that this transportation had been left to the last moment, on the very morning of our departure.

It was barely an hour after sunrise. The doctor waved his big arm to me from the shore and walked back at once to his trap, which had followed him empty to the river-side. Mr. Burns, carried across the quarter-deck, had the appearance of being absolutely lifeless. Ransome went down to settle him in his cabin. I had to remain on deck to look after the ship, for the tug had got hold of our tow-rope already.

The splash of our shore-fasts falling in the water produced a complete change of feeling in me. It was like the imperfect relief of awakening from a nightmare. But when the ship's head swung down the river away from that town, Oriental and squalid, I missed the expected elation of that striven-for moment. What there was, undoubtedly, was a relaxation of tension which translated itself into a sense of weariness after an inglorious fight.

About mid-day we anchored a mile outside the bar. The afternoon was busy for all hands. Watching the work from the poop, where I remained all the time, I detected in it some of the languor of the six weeks spent in the steaming heat of the river. The first breeze would blow that away. Now the calm was complete. I judged that the second officer—a callow youth with an underbred face—was not, to put it mildly, of that invaluable stuff from which a commander's right hand is made. But I was glad to catch along the main deck a few smiles on those seamen's faces at which I had hardly had time to have a good look as yet. Having thrown off the mortal coil of shore affairs, I felt

myself familiar with them and yet a little strange, like a long-lost wanderer among his kin.

Ransome flitted continually to and fro between the galley and the cabin. It was a pleasure to look at him. The man positively had grace. He alone of all the crew had not had a day's illness in port. But with the knowledge of that uneasy heart within his breast I could detect the restraint he put on the natural sailor-like agility of his movements. It was as though he had something very fragile or very explosive to carry about his person and was all the time aware of it.

I had occasion to address him once or twice. He answered me in his pleasant quiet voice and with a faint, slightly wistful smile. Mr. Burns appeared to be resting. He seemed fairly comfortable.

After sunset I came out on deck again to meet only a still void. The thin, featureless crust of the coast could not be distinguished. The darkness had risen around the ship like a mysterious emanation from the dumb and lonely waters. I leaned on the rail and turned my ear to the shadows of the night. Not a sound. My command might have been a planet flying vertiginously on its appointed path in a space of infinite silence. I clung to the rail as if my sense of balance were leaving me for good. How absurd. I hailed nervously.

"On deck there!"

The immediate answer, "Yes, sir," broke the spell. The anchor-watch man ran smartly up the poop ladder. I told him to report at once the slightest sign of a breeze coming.

Going below I looked in on Mr. Burns. In fact, I could not avoid seeing him, for his door stood open. The man was so wasted that, in this white cabin, under a white sheet, and with his diminished head sunk in the white pillow, his red moustaches asserted themselves alone like something artificial—a pair of moustaches from a shop exhibited there in the crude light of the bulkhead-lamp without a shade.

While I stared with a sort of wonder he asserted himself by opening his eyes and even moving them in my direction. A minute stir.

"Dead calm, Mr. Burns," I said resignedly.

In an unexpectedly distinct voice Mr. Burns began a rambling speech. Its tone was very strange, not as if affected by his illness, but as if of a different nature. It sounded unearthly. As to the matter, I seemed to make out that it was the fault of the "old man"—the late captain—ambushed down there under the sea with some evil intention. It was a weird story.

I listened to the end; then stepping into the cabin I laid my hand on the mate's forehead. It was cool. He was light-headed only from extreme weakness. Suddenly he seemed to become aware of me, and in his own voice—of course, very feeble—he said regretfully:

"No chance at all to get under way, sir?"

"What's the good of letting go our hold of the ground only to drift, Mr. Burns?" I answered.

He sighed, and I left him to his immobility. His hold on life was as slender as his hold on sanity. I was oppressed by my lonely responsibility. I went into my cabin to seek relief in a few hours' sleep, but almost before I closed my eyes the man on deck came down reporting a breeze. Enough to get under way with, he said.

And it was no more than just enough. I ordered the windlass manned, the sails loosed, and the topsails set. But by the time I had cast the ship I could hardly feel any breath of wind. Nevertheless, I trimmed her yards and put everything on her. I was not going to give up the attempt.

(*To be continued.*)

Lilium Giganteum

By Dan Boyes

Soames leaned back in his garden chair and closed his eyes. Ten feet above his head the crowded spikes of long white tubular flowers poured out their heavy fragrance. As the sun sank lower and lower it seemed as though the thick, rather coarse, perfume literally dripped from those foot-long, purple-stained trumpets.

Soames inhaled it in great draughts. There was something sensual in his enjoyment which I found decidedly unpleasant. He looked like a man under the influence of a drug.

It struck me that he had altered a great deal during the years that had elapsed since I last saw him. He had always been a clever gardener, but at no time—so far as I could remember—a garden maniac. Now he had certainly got gardening on the brain. Our conversation that afternoon had consisted, on his part, of long and—to me—tedious dissertations on plants; and, on mine, of a series of vain attempts to head him off this subject. However, I bore it as well as I could, for my train did not leave until half-past nine, and there was not a soul in the place whom I knew, except Soames.

He went on talking in a curious voice that gradually attained a sort of remoteness: as though he were half asleep or talking to himself.

"It is a significant fact," he said, "that poets, who represent the sensual and sensuous side of our nature in its highest development, are never tired of comparing the beauty of women to that of flowers—and particularly to that of lilies. But they never compare a flower to a woman. To do so would be to rouse laughter. For everyone deep within himself knows that a flower—with, of course, the possible exception of certain crucifers, or the humbler ranunculaceæ—far surpasses in sheer appeal to the senses

the cruder lines and colouring of the human body. . . . Of course, in mere molecular complexity—which goes, as is well known, with the higher developments of conscious matter—man is superior to a lily. But what is the penalty of this complexity? A grossness which is insufferable to anyone with the least pretence to refinement. On the one hand, we see a plant, the product of whose respiration is for the most part pure oxygen or pure water; on the other, we have man, to the by-products of whose organism—let alone the waste products—one shrinks even from referring. . . . And there is another aspect of the question: not only are plants exquisite in themselves, but they are constantly transforming ugliness, often loathsome ugliness, into beauty. All over the world plants in their myriads are engaged in turning the sordid products of human and animal life into form, colour, or scent beautiful beyond expression. A shovelful of manure laid at the foot of a rose-bush, or applied during the winter to one of these lily-beds, is changed in a few months, or even weeks, into beauty that defies the skill of the greatest poet. . . . Heavens, what a pity it is that we cannot do this with all the ugliness in the world! Think of the criminals, the drunkards, the insane, the cripples, and all the rest of the deformities, mental and physical, which make our social system hideous. What a pity we cannot turn them all into lilies, into roses; or even into humbler botanical families, such as, say, the primulaceæ or some of the smaller mono-cotyledons. For it is the duty of every man to extirpate ugliness wherever he finds it, and, if possible, to add to the world's stock of beauty." He paused. I thought he had gone to sleep and was glad of it, for his maunderings bored me inexpressibly.

It was growing dusk and the heavy silence of a summer evening was settling down gradually upon the garden. A long way off one could hear the grinding of a country cart upon the road that led to the town, or the whistle of a railway engine; but that was all. And stronger and stronger grew the drug-like scent of those enormous lilies.

"There was Ginnis," mumbled that dreamy voice in the dusk, "he was a lawyer down there in the town. Head of an old-established firm of solicitors, who in a quiet unostentatious way have ruled this district for a couple of

generations. I had no grudge against him: I did not hate him, or anything of that sort. And he liked me, I believe, extremely. But he was an offence. Fat, gross, horrible—an eyesore. Gradually he got on my nerves. He grew insupportable to me. I could not bear to sit in the same room as that abominable travesty of the human form. And so, one October evening, I buried him. . . . He came up here to see me about something or other when I was remaking the bed for my giganteums—this very lot—and the temptation was irresistible. I gave him to them. . . . His hat, coat, and umbrella were found near a bridge over our local river. Nobody knew why he should have committed suicide. His affairs were in order—flourishing, in fact, as the affairs of solicitors do. . . . They never found his body. . . ." Soames chuckled softly to himself.

"Then there was Thwaites. His offence against good taste was a matter of ethics rather than æsthetics. Personally I detested the man, but for all that, he was very popular. He was, in fact, what is known as a Good Sort. However, like many another, he had a shady side to his character: a side which, in my opinion, rendered him unfit to be a member of society; his deformity, though mental, being no less gross than Ginnis' physical deformity. . . . And so I buried him, too. . . . They found his hat and coat where they found Ginnis'. . . . I gave him to my bed of Szovitzianum—they are coarse feeders and send down strong roots from the base of the bulb. They did well this year; one stem had twenty-four flowers and was nearly six feet high. Dozens of people came to see them. . . . Fine, they were. Really very fine. . . ." His voice died away.

I looked at him. He was asleep. Very, very carefully I rose from my chair.

But it was a basket-chair, and being relieved of my weight at once commenced to give out a series of small squeaks and crackling sounds, after the manner of its kind.

Soames awoke.

"Hello, what are you doing?" he asked sharply. "Have I been asleep?"

No doubt my face gave me away. He leapt from his chair. There was a spade stuck in the border near him. He seized it. I ran for my life.

He was almost within reach of me when I arrived at the garden wall. I turned to the right and heard the spade go smash against the brickwork. Then I dodged round a clump of rhododendrons and stood listening.

It was still as death in the garden. On the far side spire after spire of those loathsome lilies shone bright white in the gloom, and the air was poisonous with their beastly perfume. I shuddered as I looked at them.

Soames was evidently waiting for me to move. But where was he? I could see nothing distinctly—nothing save the silvery whiteness of those ghastly flowers.

Suddenly there was a faint rustle on my left. I turned, like lightning; and like lightning he was upon me from the other side. The cunning devil had pitched a stone to distract my attention.

The next instant his hands were at my throat. And the instant after that I caught him fair in the wind with my knee.

He went down like a log.

God knows how I got home. I spent nearly the whole night and the greater part of the next day in trying to come to some decision as to what I ought to do. But I could decide nothing : my nerves had given out, absolutely.

However, it was not necessary for me to decide anything. Within twenty-four hours of my adventure there were thick headlines in the evening papers. " Fatal Bridge. Third Mysterious Suicide ! " they shrieked .

The Plain Blunt Man (i)

By Filson Young

I.

It is not in the hour of triumph or of victory after mighty conflicts that we learn salutary lessons. All true learning is a difficult, and often a painful, thing; in the Book of Life there is no reading without tears. Our learning, if we do it at all, must be in the time of effort and struggle. When we have actually won this war there will be such an overwhelming sense of relief and of satisfaction with ourselves that we shall be in no mood to make a study of the weaknesses it has revealed in us and the wisdom to be acquired from them. That is why some of us, instead of shouting now that the war is won and hailing every success as a proof that Germany is "finished," of allowing all sense of proportion to go by the board and of reading every occurrence either at home or in the enemy's country as a proof of that which we desire to be proved, prefer to leave the great facts that are being transacted on the Somme to speak for themselves; and to direct attention to some other facts, as inexorable but less patent than they, and to which, ostrich-like, we try to make ourselves blind.

Do not let us be in any doubt as to what is going to save us as a nation in this upheaval. It is not military genius or statesmanship, or brain power or organisation; it is our wealth and the inherent soundness and the individual superiority of the men who are doing for us, with spade and bayonet, with shell and bullet, the actual dirty work of the war. Not all our ease nor years of fatness have been able quite to destroy the individual excellence that abides in the Anglo-Saxon man and woman. It is an inheritance, a patrimony which we have done little in

recent years to increase; which, unless we do increase it, may not last indefinitely, or serve us as a nation against renewed assaults of the devil, whatever form he may take. Excellence of the individual Anglo-Saxon man: and how has he had to demonstrate and employ it? In dying by thousands and thousands; in showing his patriotism by the cruel and wasteful method of sacrificing his manhood instead of using it; in dying for his country instead of in living for it.

We have had—and are having—a narrow escape; and from the padded depths of armchairs the cry goes up: "Never again!" That fine sentiment mostly comes from the boy who has been whipped and who, whilst still tingling, not only says, but believes that he will never again commit any offences whatever and run the risk of such dire discomfort. But fine sentiment will not of itself avert trouble; and there is no fact more certain than this: that what brought us so near to disaster will bring us there again, unless we mend it. So "Never again!" by all means; only let us be quite sure what we mean by that heroic cry of the smarting. We have such muddled habits of thought that even our slogans and watchwords, our "Wake up, England!" and "Never again!" mean nothing very definite, but are merely a kind of agreeable noise which we regard as in some way having virtue in itself to achieve what would be otherwise impossible. What is it that is to happen never again? If we mean never again shall we be caught napping by a powerful adversary, that is so far so good; but I am sure the average man regards it as merely meaning a kind of stick-shaking at Germany. "Bad, mad dog; you would bite, would you? We will see about that. You shall have such a thrashing as never was administered to mad dog in this world before. And then, for the rest of your life, you shall be put on a great chain of tariffs, ostracisms, commercial wars, fines and economic punishments that will prevent you from ever biting anyone again while the world lasts." Yes, but just as saying that will not do it, so even doing it will not produce perpetual immunity from mad dog attacks. Germany was not always mad; was once as sane as the sanest nation in the world to-day; and the sanest nation in the world to-day may go mad as completely as Germany has, and

be as great a menace to the safety of its neighbours. You cannot put every nation on the chain for fear it should go mad, nor will you be wise to trust for your own protection to finding the necessary chain and muzzle when it does go mad. The only sane precaution is so to arrange your own house that it offers no easy ingress to dementia in any form, and so to order your own existence as to be able to discern facts as they appear, and to be able to deal with them wisely and firmly. A wiser way would surely be to employ "Never again!" not to Germany, but to ourselves; find out what it is within ourselves that has made the dealing with this emergency such an infinitely more costly and dangerous matter to us than it need have been; and to say in all soberness: "Never again shall we be found in that condition."

The supreme influence in this world, the supreme human power, resides in the brain of man and not in his muscles. All the armies in the world, all the navies, all the high explosives, all the stupendous batteries of physical force that man has contrived are only forms of expression in which his thought clothes itself. Control the thought, and all the action is controlled. An army of a million marches on its million stomachs; but it does so in obedience to the functions of one cell in the brain of one man. Let me control the thought of five hundred picked men in Germany for two days, and the war would cease. Such a power as this of intellect is so much the most formidable in existence that one would think it would be cultivated above all things, respected above all things; and so, theoretically, it is.

But in England, at any rate, intellect in the form of thought has actually been allowed to fall more and more into neglect. It is worse than that; we have in this country an actual contempt for intellect. There is no other word for it; and this contempt is manifested in every department of life, public and private. We are very muddle-headed even about what we mean by intellect and thought. The average man speaks of people of high mental attainment as "clever." Cleverness is an attribute of apes and dogs, which do not, as far as we know, attain to any heights or depths of constructive or creative thought; and brain, with us, unless it be applied to some form of cleverness, such as

extracting money or votes from mankind, contriving clever entertainments or making clever speeches, is apt to be regarded as of no importance. Our politician-statesmen of the moment are most of them extremely clever men, in some ways very able men; but hardly one of them is a person of really high intellectual attainment. I know what you are going to say: that there are four men of fine intellect associated with the Government of this country—the Prime Minister, Arthur Balfour, Lord Haldane, and Winston Churchill; and that none of them is universally regarded as an angel of light and leading; that, in fact, the very mention of two of them is enough to invite a howl of execration from the mob. Very well, granting for the moment that these intellectuals have failed to "give satisfaction" or to conduct the governing operations entrusted to them entirely to everyone's satisfaction, what does that prove? That intellect is contemptible? I think not. It shows that in our governing arrangements high mental power is often dangerously placed or misplaced; that we understand it so little that we do not know what to do with it. The men whose names I have mentioned need in this connection only be considered in so far as they represent intellectual power. They are all of exceptional mental ability, but only one of them I should describe as being clever as well as intellectual; they have all at one time or another rendered signal service to their country; they have all suffered the alternations of popularity and execration which are the lot of governing statesmen. But of the four only Mr. Balfour (and he by virtue of long-continued habitation of somewhat abstruse fields, in which people prefer to leave him to reign alone rather than follow him) has ever been valued by the public for what he intellectually is rather than for what he has politically done or not done. What a man is depends upon himself, represents his unique value; what he does may depend upon all kinds of other influences and represent something far different from his true value.

If the reader should object to the use of such terms as "intellect" and "intellectual" as being too vague, I would suggest that we substitute for them "criticism" and "critical." It is a loose but sufficiently accurate way of expressing the kind of intellectual manifestation which we most

neglect. Without criticism, conscious or unconscious, there must be chaos. Rightly understood, criticism is the analysis, arrangement, and reducing to order of the thought and product of thought in the world. The extent to which it has fallen into disrepute may be estimated by the fact that with us the word criticism is generally used to signify disparagement. It is easier to destroy than to create; it is easier to see the faults in a performance than to recognise its merits. The laziest form of criticism does this, and stops short. To do more requires a constructive, and, above all, sympathetic effort; requires the putting of oneself in the place of the person criticised, with due estimation of what was possible, and what impossible, to him in his particular situation.

We have in England no school of literary criticism which is constructive; no school of art criticism; and the contempt in which these functions are held is revealed by the kind of persons to whom they are usually allotted. Yet these, which should be the highest form of criticism, are not its only form. It is a quality which should run through life; it is merely right discernment, true appreciation of facts and values. The man who should eat plover's eggs and beef steaks without discriminating between the two, and merely recognise them both as food, would be neglecting his faculty of taste, and failing in that degree to make the best of his life; and people who do not see facts for what they are, who confuse black with white, truth with untruth, hatchets with razors, life with stagnation, are simply failing to get their share of life, and to enjoy and hand on that increase to which the full reaction of life on their own character entitles them.

If you look for instances of this failure of the critical attitude with us, you have not to look very far. Take the case of the stage. For twenty years every serious judge of the theatre in Europe has condemned our stage and denounced its puerilities—without the slightest effect. Really fine intellectual powers, critically at work on this great branch of our intellectual activity, have worn themselves out without producing any result whatever on the commercial spirit that rules our theatre. But when General Smith-Dorrien, a distinguished soldier and not at all distinguished as an intellectual, nor apparently very well

qualified to take a critical survey of the theatrical field, tells us that our plays are naughty, then the required sensation is established, and we at once begin to wonder whether our stage is as good as it ought to be. There you have the snobbery and Philistinism of Great Britain exhibited in one flash; I would add, the hypocrisy also. For obviously the theatre public did not dislike naughty plays (assuming that this childish description is justified) until an indiscreet general publishes abroad to the world that they are naughty—when, of course, there is nothing in it but to join the general outcry. Want of criticism leads inevitably to what can only be described as blurred thought and the sloppy use of words; at all times undesirable, and in time of war a very serious thing. Our inexact reporting, our muddled and bewildered comprehension of what is happening at any given time in the war; our sloppiness of preparation, our fuddled satisfaction with the heroic advance on the Somme without any comprehension of what effect the miles gained there may have on ultimate military and economic victory—these are all reflected and are found in official despatches, in which so little sense of proportion has been shown that the terms in which a victory might be announced have long ago been exhausted in describing advances of a few yards in districts where, at the time, we were on the whole retreating. Want of criticism has led to an appalling waste of brain power in every department of our public life. Our national ideal is the "blunt" Englishman; "blunt" in this case implying a negative quality. Intellectually blunt, not intellectually sharp; in short, stupid. We mistrust brains, and therefore do not employ them if we can help it. The best brains in the country were put freely at its service at the beginning of the war—with what result we know. There are able, brilliant men by the hundred, with fine brains, trained and specialised, for whom the country can find no other use than to set them digging trenches or stamping round a drill-sergeant, while stupid men, who could do the stamping and digging very well, blunder them into death and disaster. In some ways the English have the best brains in the world—far better than the Germans, for example; yet look what use, by education and cultivation, arrangement and organisation—in a word, by the right use of *criticism*—they

have made of their infinitely coarser material. And among intellectuals of all nations the Englishman stands nowhere.

What is the life-history of the average English mind to-day, what its intellectual environment, in what directions that environment can be made more stimulating to its development, are matters that must be left for discussion in another article.

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

Letter of an Italian Soldier

FATHER, I know that thou hast wept, dost weep,
I see thee, ever since I went, in sleep;
Thou look'st so downcast, seem'st so weak and faint:
Thou'rt like the image of some dolorous saint.
And chiefly when thou heard'st that I was gone,
For not to thee and not to anyone
I bade farewell, 'twas not unkindness—no!
I only wished with better cheer to go.
Had I turned back to see thy tearful eyes,
The worst it would have been of all goodbyes.

But now I'm at the front, I'm with the guns,
For Italy has need of all her sons,
And I'll be true to my Italian blood
And fight with all my strength to stem the flood
Let loose to deluge Europe in this Hell!

Father, 'tis many a time I've heard thee tell
How, in the old days, some among thy line
Poured out their pure and wholesome blood like wine
In warring 'gainst those barbarous Empires, then
As now, unfit to join with honest men;
And now *we* go to meet the Teuton rage
And add to history a new fair page.

So Father, why shouldst *thou* stand weeping there,
When I, though far away, have not a care
And wait with tranquil heart and even breath
The bugle note which may call on to Death?
Italy, my Italy, I for thee will fight,
With all my faith and love, with all my might;
I cross the forests dense, the mountains high,
The wide, long tracks where foes in ambush lie;
All, all is nought, so I my dream behold:
Trento and Trieste in Italia's fold.

LETTER OF AN ITALIAN SOLDIER

Dearest Papa! * I'm sure thou liest awake
Still thinking of thy Guido. (For thy sake
I'll say the little prayer thou mad'st me say
Kneeling upon my bed at close of day.)
If, after wakeful hours, thou fall'st asleep
What dreams will come! Down, down a dreadful steep,
A dark ravine all packed with dead and dying,
Perhaps thou seem'st to see thy Guido lying
And crying: "Father! Mother!" in his need.
But, Father, to such dreams give thou no heed.
For I, I am not in that living grave,
I'm on a lovely height with comrades brave,
Each with an eye that's sure, an arm that's stout,
To guard the flag and blot the frontier out.

Poor Mother's face! From this I'll never part,
I'll place it nearer, nearer to my heart,
Giving it now and then a loving kiss;
And in dark days and sad, I think that this
Will be my life's best comfort. If some day
Right at the very heart I wounded lay,
With one last effort I would try to hide
My mother's portrait in my wounded side,
So it might gently bear my soul away
Out of this world. And so, there I shall stay;
They'll bury me upon the self-same day.
But after some short while, around, around,
Flowers will spring up and cover all the ground,
And some among those flowers will tell a story
And speak to you of Victory, Freedom, Glory.

And after—when you seek me up and down
Through all our quarter (there's, in all the town,
Not one that's better—not the Cardinal's),
You'll hear a voice which from some window calls:
"Who's missing?" Only Guido! Then you'll sit
All in our little house and talk of it,
All of you left, sad that I had to die.
But when you're getting calmer, by and by,
Consider Garibaldi! Did not he
Fight gloriously to make his country free?

* "*Papa mio bello.*"

Let's hope it's all a dream! Father, that's why
I am not sending you a last goodbye.
Perhaps you'll hear me knocking at the door
And I'm back, clasped in your arms once more;
And all the dangers 'scaped, forgot the fears,
We shall live on for many happy years
And say that I have won! And wars will cease,
Europe and Italy in the bonds of peace.

(The writer of these lines, Guido Vati, Corporal in the 13th Regiment of Artillery, was born at Velletri in the Roman province, in the dialect of which the lines are written. The morning after writing them he volunteered for a particularly dangerous duty. On the officer in charge being killed, he assumed the command and succeeded in fixing the locality of a machine-gun which was giving trouble, and in destroying it. He then offered to complete the operation of cutting the enemy's wire entanglement: this was accomplished, and he was leading his men through the breach to the cry of "Savoia!" when a ball hit him fatally. In the following night two of his men recovered his body, on which the verses were found).—*Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco.*

Home Rule is Ireland's Opportunity

By Austin Harrison

If war is inherently uncreative, it is a crucible which cleans and clears as nothing else, and infallibly it finds men out. And this for the simple reason that in times of reality and national stress such as exist in war, the country and the individual are presented with the grand opportunity which never returns and may never be forgotten. It was on our failure to understand the opportunity that the Germans went to war. War is always a venture, and risk is essential to success. Counting on lightning invasion, the Germans hoped to have crumpled up the French defence before we definitely made up our minds to prepare and fight on Continental lines, and but for the unexpected readiness and onslaught of the Russians in East Prussia the German plan might well have succeeded, and even as it was would almost of a certainty have succeeded had the German military authorities realised the gigantic gun power and expenditure of munitions necessary to blast a way through instead, as they did, of relying upon man as the blasting agent according to the accepted rules of war as hitherto known.

But Britain grasped her opportunity, however late, however tardily and disputatiously. Gradually she realised the nature of the task undertaken. In spite of politics and politicians, and objection professional, religious, or political, in spite of party shibboleth, trade selfishness, insular ignorance and prejudice, Britain looked to the trenches rather than to Sir John Simon; the spirit of sport saved us and galvanised the people; almost, as it were, by a miracle we accepted conscription; in a word, Great Britain showed herself worthy of her opportunity and will now decide the war in consequence.

Great and Greater Britain—the loyalty of the Overseas Dominions has been one of the discoveries of the war, contrary to preconceived opinion. That Scotland would pro-

vide all her splendid fighting material no man doubted; but the truth is to-day that All England has responded to the call, and but for the political operations which have exempted men by the ten thousands and our systemless system of "starring" and "badging," it is no exaggeration to say that literally the available fighting men are available, to fight as the State may require.

All except in Ireland.

The opportunity which war gave Ireland, her politicians used to dissociate her from civic and military responsibility, with the result that her fanatics and star-gazers seized the occasion for a little rebellion on their own. The rebellion was silly and abortive. None the less, it was a fighting event. Still more important, it showed which way the wind was blowing; it proved that important sections of Ireland are and will remain recalcitrant, hostile to this country, and so a source of danger. Mr. Asquith went to Dublin to see what he could do, shook hands, beamed, and "turned on" Mr. Lloyd George, and then set up the very system which he had admitted was the cause of the failure, and, like a good lawyer, did nothing.

To-day things have come to this pass: that of the whole British Empire Ireland remains, as it were, excluded from the war, in a position of contemplative aloofness, having in the middle of the war tried a war on her own account to rid herself of the parent Island.

The war, too, has progressed, and so we are faced with the fact that the Irish regiments at the Front are actually no longer Irish and will have to be filled by other Britons; and that while the country is being ransacked for soldiers young Irishmen are at liberty to do what they please, and actually come over to England to take the places of married Englishmen approaching middle age, as if the war was no concern of theirs. Alone, Ulster has shown a shining example of patriotism, but even in Ulster there is a "feeling"—the not unnatural feeling that if all Ulster goes and bleeds, Nationalist Ireland will batten on the gaps in the spirit of what the Germans call *Schadenfreude*. Such is the position. The question now is, What are we going to do?

As a Home Ruler, I know only too well the difficulties. There are three main forces at work—Catholicism, the new

Socialist anarchism of Larkin and his followers, the traditional and implacable hatred against England. Yet it is precisely because I am a Home Ruler that I feel so deeply the mistake made by the Irish Party when they induced Mr. Asquith to place Ireland outside the pale of British and Imperial responsibility. Mr. Asquith's weakness has been exposed in this REVIEW again and again. After Mr. Birrell, Mr. Duke—no more need be said. The Prime Minister underrated the war, and no doubt thought he had done a clever political thing in exempting Ireland and thereby placating the only solid and responsible body of men who sit in Parliament. It was a job, nothing more. That the Irish were themselves too short-sighted to see the results of it is only another proof how arrogant they have grown in their *rôle* of Cabinet directors, or how cock-sure they were at the time of being able to keep the Prime Minister in office under the Irish Satrapy regardless of all consequences. Perhaps they also underrated the war?

Why they acted so unwisely I do not know, nor does it matter. The problem before them and before us is this: Is Ireland to remain outside military responsibility, or is she to be called upon to take her due share in the war as part of the United Kingdom?

This is the Irish question, Mr. Asquith in reality hardly counting, for he will do what the Irish tell him to do, neither more nor less. Equally idle is it to expect the Coalition or Parliament to face the Irish problem. Both are under the heels of the Irish phalanx. Neither has any initiative without the other, and as the Irish control the two, and what remains of Liberalism exists solely by reason of the Irish support or *bloc*, we may make up our minds that, however much men talk or swear in the trenches or at home, Mr. Asquith will follow the lead of his leader, Mr. Redmond, in this as in all other Irish matters. I repeat: This is the Irish question. I venture to say: It is Ireland's opportunity.

The sheer scandal of Ireland's position is only now being realised. But to-day and every day the intensity of the feeling in the ranks is growing; soon it will be a national question, and when it becomes that, what chance is there of Home Rule in Ireland in this or the next generation?

Do the Irish think that the new England, which will be

fashioned by the men now at the Front, will forget? Do the Irish Party imagine that the soldiers who have been torn from their own regiments to fill up Irish regiments will permit—I use the word deliberately—Home Rule to be granted to the only member of the Empire which refused to fight? Does Mr. Redmond seriously believe that all will be as before, perhaps in a couple of years' time, when those who fought for Britain return to her? Does he contemplate a return to "easy all," under the Irish *bloc*, a return to the old sloppy political cries and values, a return to lawyers' politics and the insular conditions of the squire *versus* democratic plutocracy? Is it possible he sincerely credits Englishmen with learning nothing, with the incapacity to learn? If so, I can advise him most earnestly to take a trip to France and hear what the soldiers are talking about; and what men are talking about here too.

The time may yet come when the men of forty will have to go, when thousands of married men will leave their wives and children in the service of country. Can any thoughtful Irish politician lack the imagination to see that every man of that category who returns will fight against Home Rule to the death; that when the men come back they will be in no mood to listen to the request of a people who in war left them in the lurch; that, indeed, it is humanly unthinkable that the soldier voters of new England will reward Ireland for holding aloof or think of her other than in accents of bitterness? And this is rapidly becoming the tragedy of Ireland's position. For a political motive she has flung away her sovereign opportunity; the next opportunity men have will be England's.

War united Germany in 1870; it threatens to disunite England and Ireland more than ever. Every father who goes will curse the young Irishman who stays behind. There will be a legacy of blood as bitter here as exists for bygone historical reasons there. If Ireland refuses responsibility, Home Rule may be considered a dead letter. That is the plain truth, and it is time Irish politicians understood it. In this great European struggle for existence the plea that Ireland is to remain unconcerned as a State is alone the most damning argument against her existence as such under any form of self-government.

HOME RULE IS IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY

Next summer we shall need every man we can raise. Is Ireland to look on while British homes are literally depleted of men? It is an incredible supposition. The Irish may take it from one who before all desires to see a happy Ireland, self-governing and self-creative, that Home Rule will never be an accomplished fact unless Ireland seizes the unique opportunity which presents itself to-day by war.

The whole future of Ireland depends upon the decision which now shortly must be taken one way or the other. No political trickery will acquit the Irish of the duty to the whole which alone protects the parts. To-day we have need of the Irish. If they fail, thereby showing they have no need of us, assuredly we shall have little use for them hereafter.

War is a nation's supreme test. It makes or unmakes men and nations. It will be so with Germany, and so with Ireland. Ireland has the opportunity now to make or mar her destiny.

That is the English side of the question, hardened by the enormity of the claim that Sinn Féin, so to speak, does not matter, and that even in war, in a world crisis such as this, the Irish must be left to form their own opinions about fighting, or they must not be blamed for wanting to fight us.

The Irish side has been recently explained by Mr. Redmond. He has learnt his lessons since the Dublin rising, and his Waterford declaration must have astonished the Cabinet; for behold Mr. Redmond, once more, leader of an insurrectionary Ireland—a spiritual Sinn Féiner.

Rightly he attributed Sinn Féin to the weakness of Mr. Asquith's Government, or, rather, system of non-Government. He accused the Prime Minister of "colossal ineptitude." He anathematised the restoration of Dublin Castle; he blamed the Government for practically all that had occurred. Conscription, therefore, for Ireland would be "fatal." It would be resisted. *That way lies "madness, ruin, and disaster."*

This is a new Mr. Redmond. As has been pointed out in THE ENGLISH REVIEW, alone among the entire British Press, not only was Mr. Asquith's Government and his nominee, Mr. Birrell, fantastically ignorant about Ireland, but Mr. Redmond was *also ignorant*, so ignorant, in fact,

that when Sinn Féin came, he was taken by surprise, so out of touch was he with the subterranean conspiracies, eddies, and poetics of Irish feeling at home. His Waterford speech supplies the corrective, and the Government will be well advised to meditate carefully upon his words.

From private information I have, I am convinced Mr. Redmond spoke the truth when he said that conscription in Ireland would be resisted. Contrary to the general sloppy view held, Ireland since Sinn Féin has slipped further and further away from us and is to-day rapidly becoming Sinn Féin-ised up dale and down dale and over the mountains and across the valleys. Almost inevitably the Irish reason nationally. They saw what a little revolution could accomplish; they saw how ridiculously weak Mr. Asquith's Government was. Instead of shaming the Irish, the Dublin rebellion has rather convinced them. The shooting of civilians, the natural bad feeling caused by English troops potting at Irishmen, yes, and Casement (no matter what his morals were)—these things have immensely strengthened Sinn Féin and not in the least discredited it, as we here fondly imagine.

Mr. Redmond declared he had "warned" the Government of the consequences of conscription—I trust he has. Ireland, at this hour, is a cauldron of Sinn Féin, seething with hatred of English methods, so strong that Irish soldiers on leave from the Front become immediately infected with the old insurrectionary virus and go back to the trenches Sinn Féin to the bones. It is not the least good pretending the condition of Ireland is otherwise. The situation in Ireland is one of rage and hate, and for every man who was a Sinn Féiner before the rising to-day there are sixty, as we can see, if we can possibly bring ourselves to face facts, from the speeches of the Irish politicians: who at last know what Ireland, on the island, is after thinking and conspiring.

The Irish attitude is characteristic. They say they have been betrayed, Home Rule being on the Statute Book and the only thing they get being "Wait and see," martial law, and another K.C.

Of course, it is a Hibernian tragedy, utterly horrible and discreditable in war. When Mr. Redmond declares that the demand for conscription is "not a genuine mili-

tary demand at all, but is intended to stir up bad blood in Ireland," he talks like a politician, for he must know that such an assertion is false. It shows to what a pass he is reduced, to maintain his position as leader, that is all. And the truth is that Mr. Redmond has to talk Devlin-ism or he will himself be devilled. The Irish won't stand for an Asquithian Party talker any more. The recess has taught the Irish politicians that they have got to take their coats off or get out. Between Sinn Féin and Mr. Redmond *now* there is very little to choose. Mr. Asquith's weakness has completely alienated Ireland; to-day we stand before a dangerous deadlock which may yet prove of immense significance in the war.*

The deadlock is this: We must have men, and from the English point of view it is almost unthinkable that Britain should bleed white while young Ireland looks on. On the other hand, the Irish maintain they have been betrayed by Mr. Asquith's feebleness and therefore refuse to accept conscription, and are now getting more and more hostile as the result of the abortive violence which necessitated superior violence to suppress it.

Is it a deadlock?

Not unless we wish to make it so. There is one solution only. It is that we should try to see Ireland in the light of the whole, to acquire, that is, a little statesmanship. Home Rule is on the Statute Book—enforce it. Give Ireland her freedom, her Government, her Parliament or Diet, her right of self-rule; in a word, let us fulfil our pledge and place the Irish on their honour.

I believe this to be the only way. We have tried coercion—it has failed. Mr. Asquith has tried "Wait and see" and the wiles of the spirit of compromise—it led to Sinn Féin, which in turn has led to the fierce revival of hatred which to-day animates Irishmen. If we try coercion again it will fail again. If we try more lawyers' parley it will lead inevitably to a still deeper resentment and a second and far bigger rising. In war words are futile. It is clear from Mr. Redmond's speech that he has got to follow Sinn Féin or go. What are we going to do?

* I say this deliberately, though it would perhaps be undesirable to give reasons in print. Suffice it to point to the immense power wielded by Irishmen in America, who, since the rising, have gone "Banco" on Ireland's "opportunity."

Ulster—well, there is Sir E. Carson, who is an Irishman. Let us leave Sir E. Carson to settle Ulster with Mr. Redmond, and give Ireland her opportunity. No doubt, to present Ireland with Home Rule after Sinn Féin is a paradox, on paper looks bad, offends our English sense, perhaps makes us look rather weak. Yet not so in reality. After devastating South Africa we handed it over to the Generals who had fought us so well and trusted to their honour. Has that policy proved a failure? Quite the contrary. It has proved a signal success. As for the argument of weakness, has Mr. Asquith's Government or the Coalition shown anything but weakness since August, 1914? All that part of the argument is humbug. We have such a weak Government that we no longer recognise strength when we see it. If it is weak to give Ireland Home Rule, why, then, it is only one more weak thing, in keeping with the Coalition policy. But if it is a strong thing, then let us see if we cannot prod up the Coalition to take the one step which can save Ireland and them.

To think politically about this is mere waste of time. To talk of British rights and the "confounded Irish" won't help one whit. The Irish are to-day "sick" of our procrastinations, our flabby lawyers' devices, our insular woodenness, our Governmental incompetence. There is not a dog's chance of placating them now. No witchcraft of Mr. Lloyd George, no dinner at Downing Street, no promise or Parliamentary dodge will win them over to acceptance of the old political game, as played between Mr. Redmond and Mr. Asquith. That game is played out. If the Coalition are too dense to understand the situation and grasp the opportunity that presents itself, then things will go from bad to worse, and Ireland will drift into the inevitable tragedy.

For the sake of Ireland we cannot allow Ireland thus to destroy herself. All attempts to Anglicise Ireland will fail, as will now all attempts to solve the problem by the usual patent medicines of vote-catching politicians. We have got to make up our minds; either to let the Irish run Ireland or to see what will happen. The latter policy must surely bring about the fall of Mr. Asquith's Coalition. For the weakness which led to this *impasse* cannot now deliver us from it. Indirectly, Mr. Asquith made Sinn

Féin; he has thus got to let the Irish try their hands at muddling through or admit his own bankruptcy. The Irish hold him in their power. Without them he can do nothing. Their price is Ireland; now compared with the price we shall have to pay to win the war, it is insignificant.

Otherwise there is nothing but disaster ahead of Ireland. Failure to raise men in Ireland will embitter England for a century, as failure to give the Irish what they want will embitter the Irish for a century. The lawyers' golden mean has no meaning in such a blood question. Formula no longer finds credence. Parnell has arisen from his grave. We have arrived absolutely before the parting of the ways.

I am convinced that, placed upon their honour under their own self-government, released of the fiddlesticks of Castle and the ignominy of military rule, the Irish would rediscover themselves in the unity of the British Empire, as ready to fight for it to the last man as they are to-day ready to fight against it. In conditions of autonomy the Irish would raise new Irish armies to join us at the Front, and in the new birth of Ireland reason, patriotism, and Imperialism would find a common citizenship. Otherwise there will be no Irish reason, or patriotism, or Imperialism, but rather a growing discord and severance from the parent seat. Nor can we afford to delay, because the war admits of no delay. Every day will increase the bitterness felt, here and there. Every day will render the solution more complex.

It is idle to expect the Irish to see things as we see them, they will not. Equally futile will be the attempt to persuade them to accept our view, or, failing that, to coerce them. There is only one thing to do, and that is to remember that our *enemy is Germany, not* Ireland, and so to trust her. To free her, as we gave freedom to the Boers, as we intend to free Belgium, Serbia, and Poland.

I know, of course, there is the law; that the Home Rule Act specifically excludes the Irish Government from all right of intervention in Imperial or military affairs; *ergo*, that even under Home Rule the question of conscription in war would not be within the province of Irish dialectics or jurisdiction; and, as lawyers, this "case" seems to us unanswerable. No doubt in law; but life is not law. The

argument is merely an argument in war, which is the negation of law, as we have seen to our stupefaction under the seas and in the air under the gentle demonstrations of Kultur. To our talk of law the Irishman says blarney. The Irishman is a fighter; he likes fighting; he hates the authority behind the policeman, except with a truncheon over New York liquor politics; and I have sufficient Irish blood in my veins to sympathise with him in this healthy idiosyncrasy. To continue argufying from the wig is to show just that unimaginativeness or constipated mentality that so rouses the Irishman's bile; it is to get nowhere.

A big man might succeed, but where is he? In the actual conditions of Irish temper and sentiment the Coalition is non-creative. At the same time, we must take a decision, if we want to win the war, and men will do well to reflect that the Irish alone retain the Government in office and so actually control England. Also this. We cannot do without our Irish. It we can't run them, they run us everywhere—in the Army, in art, in literature, and in politics. What would we be without "Old Ireland"?* Soused with the gravy of lawyers and shopkeepers, we should have to put all the rich naturalised and British-born Moses and Aarons in the Privy Council, baptised and unbaptised!

Home Rule is our and Ireland's opportunity. I say, settle the paradox of Ireland by paradox. Shake the Irishman by the hand, as we shook the Boer by the hand. Let him have Cromwell's hatchet, if he wants a plaything. Give him his Chamber, his bauble, and his little green leaf, and he will not fail us. Sooner or later we shall have to do it. The big, the essential thing is *to do it, and do it now.*

* Picture England without her Wellesleys, Wolseleys, Northcliffes, Beresfords, Roberts, Kitcheners, Bernard Shaws, George Moores, Orpens; our Generals to the secret police—the dare-devil, fascinating, plausible Irishman who governs England and largely America. Picture Westminster minus the Irish! Who runs the Army Medical, the Intelligence Departments, the intellectual departments? Where should we have been without the Hibernian *Daily Mail*? Take "Peg o' my Heart" from our stage, and what have we? Nothing but Synge, Lady Gregory, Yeats—all Irish. Blimy, the Irish are our intellectual aristocracy.

The Servant Problem

By Josephine Knowles

I.—Our Houses

THE domestic servant maid is vanishing, soon she will have vanished altogether; but we shall continue to live in houses, we shall continue to eat, and dust and dirt will still have to be coped with. How, then, is this problem to be solved? It is already attracting notice, for we now read advertisements of "Flats which can be run without servants."

I have in my mind the type of London house standing in a "terrace"—in other words a street—which now usually employs three maids, cook, parlourmaid and housemaid; *and I shall try to prove that, if the builder and architect are willing, it will be possible in the future to run houses of this size without any servants.*

The most important of the servants is the cook. I propose to do away with her and to substitute for the twenty cooks in the twenty houses a common dining-room and common kitchen managed by a competent staff under the control of the houses in question. The dining-room would be built in this fashion: where you now have at the back of town houses a morning-room or conservatory generally dark and small, in place of these rooms would extend a long narrow room the whole length of the houses, and where each house would have the space corresponding to the width of the house and to which access would be gained by a door like any other front door opening from the inside and furnished with bell and knocker. Each division of this room would be screened off by (movable) partitions of wood worked in grooves so as to make a privacy if wished. The meals would be served from the group of kitchen, pantry and offices built at one end, the dishes, etc., carried on small rolling buffets along the space between the tables and the outside wall with windows.

This scheme would have the following result: the kitchen staff would be far superior in skill to any individual cook employed by the twenty houses, and the kitchen large, well lighted, with every modern convenience, and with large cooking ranges in the centre of the room, and not built into the wall in a dark alcove—such a kitchen controlled by a *diplomé* cook and a capable staff would turn out the same variety of meals as we now get in the best restaurants.

It is also possible to cater with greater variety for many than for few; it is a very paying business, that of catering, as we know by the large fortunes made by the caterers, but this scheme would be co-operative, each house would be rated by the number of the inmates and the yearly turnover divided among the tenants. The housekeeper paid by the tenants would be responsible to them, and her books and accounts checked by an accountant; no one would be *making* out of this: if there were no middleman or caterer the profits or turnover would return to the tenants and be a substantial sum. The housekeeper would not be allowed to contract with any one firm or shop, she would have to buy in the ordinary market and so ensure variety; there is no doubt with this system the tenants would be fed in a very superior way. There is at present in some blocks of flats a common dining-room, but the catering is expensive because the turnover goes to the management; but in any case flats can never be a substitute for houses for families with children; there are many drawbacks to flats—lack of privacy, a common staircase, and one or two good rooms, and the others just holes.

This plan that I have outlined of having the dining-room extending along the backs of the houses does not encroach on the best rooms; the house retains its usual features. There would be some such plan as this: An early breakfast for workers and children going to school and then a later breakfast; luncheon or children's dinner at the usual hour and dinner also at the usual hour. It may at once be objected that meals vary in hour in different homes; but, after all, not so very much; and people on a visit or travelling are quite willing to take their meals at stated hours in company with others; moreover, and here is a great point, this ensures punctuality, and in many houses it seems impossible to make the cook punctual.

Of course, there would still be the children's nurses, but nurses are a class apart and are not reckoned among the servants, because the nurses take their meals with the children and sleep in the nursery. The china, table-linen, and cutlery would be uniform and belong to the tenants in the same way as a club owns its dinner-service. It would never do for each individual house to use separate table-service, there would be the difficulty of washing-up and counting the pieces.

Although the cook in small houses seems to have vanished into the munition factory—and after the war will certainly not return to domestic work—yet the skilled *diplomé* cook can always be had; she is of superior class and intelligence and will not become extinct like the hand-to-mouth servant. This is what takes place now between nine and ten a.m. in town houses where three or four maids are kept. The lady sits in the kitchen with the slate in her hand:

"Can't you suggest anything new, Emily?"

Far better look for orchids at the North Pole. Emily has cooked for twenty years, but her horizon has not widened.

"Well, then," says the mistress, "we will have so-and-so and so-and-so." And she writes it down. Emily, with a pinched air, asks:

"What are we servants to eat?"

"Oh!" says the lady in surprise. "The same, of course."

"We servants can't eat that." There is only one way of having nice meals: the person who does the cooking must be a gourmet, must have taste literally, and must have experience. Telling is no good; you may tell the average cook the mysteries of the stock-pot, but that will not produce soup.

And here for a moment let me digress; think of the ease and peace of mind for the wife and housekeeper of the future to have what has become the great burden of ordering the food taken off her shoulders. It is no longer true that a good mistress makes good servants. It used to be so, but now we have to face the fact that those servants of moderate wages who are still in the market are, so to speak, uncertain about their sobriety, their

capacity, their health, and their age. Imagine, therefore, what it would mean for the lady of the house no longer to square to the circle of pleasing her husband by giving him a nice dinner when he comes home tired, but cooked by a person who has been picked up anywhere ("and thankful to get her, my dear!"), who can slip up the area steps to the handy public when you think your sole is being fried, and who will not scruple to pack her tin-box and walk off on any trivial pretext. The lady of the house—who is perhaps tired herself—does not know that the nice dinner which she was at pains to arrange that morning on the slate is being spoiled because Emily's sister and young man have come to see her and the kitchen has become a babel of voices, the food is burnt, or the oven cold, or the new sauce, hunted up in the recipe book, forgotten. When the dinner is served the parlourmaid repeats to the cook what "Master said about you, Emily," to which Emily replies: "He'd better cook his own dinner," and gives notice the next morning. The servants we now employ are not worth the expense they cost, and yet we *must* have them.

The long and short of it is we are living in the same type of house as in the past when domestic service was efficient, faithful, and less costly; but now the economic conditions have acted like a sieve, all that is brisk and good and efficient in domestic service passes through the sieve to more interesting work, leaving the tired mother and housekeeper with the merest dregs to choose from. The day will surely come when it will be recognised that even a married woman and mother desires some outside interests or real relaxation; but as matters now stand the woman with moderate means and a household to provide for is exhausted in coaxing those servants she has to do their work or in vainly hunting for others to take their place.

The second point to be grappled with in the home is the heating problem; I suppose we are the only wealthy country which heats its private homes by open fires alone; all other countries that I am familiar with use radiators or central heating. So we have to meet one of two things during the winter: either to have coal fires in every room, which means such endless carrying of coal from the basement up the stairs that the maids give notice, or else have only a fire in two rooms, putting a premium on two rooms

in the house and on the small space immediately around the fire. A uniform heating warms the whole house evenly, making the house really larger because livable everywhere. Heating and warmth are just as essential as water; in the past water had to be fetched from pumps and wells, now the builders are compelled by law to lay water on; the day will surely come when our builders will be equally compelled to lay on pipes for heating; our winter can be as cold as any other winter and far more damp—six months of cold weather is worth reckoning with. Imagine the squandering of effort and money and time on heating twenty houses by twenty separate means, instead of a furnace stoked and managed by a man from outside; but in these new-planned houses there would, of course, be provided coal-cellars and fireplaces for those who enjoy a fire and have it in one room for the sake of the appearance and cosiness.

My third point is the floors: these new houses should have hard wood floors. One great item of domestic work is sweeping carpets—we spread carpets and felt everywhere because of the rough common planks of the floor, but if these were in hard and polished wood, then it becomes quite simple and more hygienic to have rugs, which can be taken up and shaken by anyone, a charwoman once a week to polish the parquet and shake the rugs would suffice.

Another important item is the windows: maids will not wash our sash windows, they say it is dangerous, so you have to get a man in to do it, and there are no men now.

I will now anticipate the objections to my scheme, namely, the expense. "Think of the rent," you will say. But how does it work out? Assuming three servants in each house, each servant roughly reckoned at £50 a year. Three servants, then, at £150 a year, add to that all that servants break and spoil and waste, all the lights and firing they consume in the basement, and the extra help they continually need; with the rise in prices three servants will more likely cost £200 a year.

If, then, an extra sum be added to the rent for the modern improvements, the householder will still have a good bit to the credit side, and co-operative housekeeping is bound to be cheaper than individual catering. Without

resident maids the house would be larger; three maids will now occupy two bedrooms, a kitchen, and servants' hall—four rooms. It is as if the house had become enlarged by four rooms.

All that I have touched on have been structural improvements—a matter for the builder when the house is being built, and too costly and complicated to add by the tenant. One reason why comforts of this kind have tarried so long is because the builder and architect are always men, and it is women who work the home and, generally speaking, live more in the house than the men do. If some system could be tried of consulting practical women who are also ladies of taste before building the houses, it would astonish the average builder what a lot there would seem to be in his trade that he had not yet fathomed.

We are now living under quite new conditions (and these conditions will remain), but in the same old type of house, and even when the house is new it is built and plumbed on the same old lines. One reason why the modern woman is shy of marriage on a small income is just on account of the servant and cooking problem; and a life which is spent in keeping the servants in a good humour and living in dread lest they should leave is a life of ceaseless care; if, therefore, there are to be more marriages on small means, the first thing is to make domestic life easier for the woman. As regards the common dining-room, to some families it would be a pleasure and relief to dine in a room with others, it would mean some friendly talking, and more reason for dressing, and then we should no more hear the old wail of the housekeeper about the meals: "I wish I didn't know what was coming."

I have outlined the possibilities of a new type of house of greater comforts, it is now for the builder and architect to reply.

Man-Power

By Major Stuart-Stephens

BETTER a country of barracks than what the shirkers would make it—a country of cemeteries.

If we aspire to regulate the balance of European power in a sense favourable to ourselves, which in brutal truth means our continued existence as a World Empire, it is as a Nation-in-Arms we must pursue the fight to a finish. To-day it is men, not money or armaments, that our nearest Ally lacks, and it is man-power that we must contribute if a premature and inconclusive peace is not to be forced upon our valiant friends under conditions which they would regard as detestable. For unless Britain can maintain for another two years or thereabouts an uninterrupted flow of man-power to the Western and Southern fronts our valiant neighbour across the silver streak will find it humanly impossible to maintain the struggle which has in the last two terrible years involved the depletion of the flower of her manhood.

This was whispered many months past, now it is being openly discussed wherever thinking men get together, whether in dug-out facing the unspeakable Hun, or snatching a few hours' leave in the bosom of their families.

"Men, more men," "England must send more soldiers," are the common expressions of opinion in the fair land where already so many of our khaki-clad heroes sleep.

. . . . . .

Mr. Lloyd George appreciates and understands the sore strait that will of a surety face one of our Allies if England fails to balance in the Western theatre of war the stupendous losses in man-power sustained by our Gallic comrades in arms.

And he has been driven to the making of the pathetic confession that, while with our Allies exemptions have not exceeded "hundreds of thousands, with us it has run into millions."

This is a tremendous indictment of the system that has produced so deplorable a result, yet our new civilian Minister of War in making so mournful a statement perhaps fails to realise that the cause of such a state of things is due to the fact that he and his Ministerial colleagues failed to realise that war is an act of Government. For the higher direction of war is in the hands of statesmen, and there is not one of the arts of Empire that requires longer study and more diligent apprenticeship. Military history emphasises this fundamental truth in many tragic wars where neglect or ignorance of it has carried a freight of national disaster in its train. On the other hand, in comparison, few are the instances where brilliant success has not been directly attributable to its previous recognition combined with study and foresight regarding its practical application. In these cases, however, victory has been decisive and overwhelming, as Prussia exemplified to mankind at Königgrätz and Sedan.

With the gradual growth of constitutional and democratic administration in Great Britain the tendency has been for the statesman and the soldier to drift further and further away from each other, both in their mutual unity of ideals and their point of view on national affairs. The military or naval authority gradually came to regard politics or statesmanship as altogether outside his province, and, as we have seen in certain notorious instances during the last generation, he was penalised if he attempted to bridge over the wide gap that exists in this country between national defence and national administration. In like manner, the statesman has been held up to regard war with abhorrence and to consider its study as the duty of the professional fighting man alone.

The natural result of this mutual position of aloofness has been that the harmony that should have existed between national policy and greater strategy, which is the *first essential* to success in war, has in this country been invariably conspicuous by its absence.

Our Government, whose foreign policy was framed to uphold the Treaties providing for the integrity of Belgium, and the ultimate maintenance of which inevitably entailed war with Germany, took no steps to prepare for such a contingency from a strategic point of view.

And so for these last two fateful years we have been witnessing the dire results of a national policy directed by States ignorant of war and all that it means, culminating in the piteous complaint that even now millions of our citizens had been able to shirk their responsibility to their Motherland.

What a different picture is presented when we regard an occasion when a proper comprehension of the main strategical principles of war combined with foresight and *sufficient* preparation were displayed by the directors of the State. This was when we waged the most successful war that England ever fought, the war which made the British Empire what it is, that which began in 1756, and ended at the Peace of Paris in 1763. During those seven long years the diplomatic, naval, military, and financial forces at the disposal of this country were directed by the elder Pitt, Earl of Chatham, the greatest exponent of State-craft directing British arms that ever lived.

His first act on assuming office was to prevent the army employed on the Continent from being weakened by providing for the defence of these Isles. Thus he passed a Bill to reorganise thoroughly the Militia for home defence, and the Bill was sufficiently drastic in its provisions to avoid his having to confess to the country that after two years there were still to be found millions of men who had contrived by "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" to evade the burden of the defence of their shores. After a year of the war he demanded for himself the conduct of the entire correspondence with naval and military commanders. For this tremendous task the Prime Minister was far from ill-prepared. Sir Robert Walpole's "terrible cornet of horse" had been for four years in the Army, and had read every military book he could lay hold of. He had never followed any other profession but that of arms, but his brother officers looked upon him with cold disapproval as a strange sort of fellow, who was always devouring histories of battles and sieges. If his genius was for great affairs of State, it was for those of war above all others. His previous official appointments had brought him into contact with realities and had given him unusual opportunities for learning the details of military administration, and of those he had fully availed himself.

Policy and strategy were thus in perfect harmony. Every representative of England in neutral countries was supplied with the means, through both public and *secret funds*, of sustaining the prestige of England.

At home every lord-lieutenant felt that the eyes of Pitt were on him and his county, and he saw to it that the ranks of the "old constitutional force" were kept closely filled. Writing to his generals and admirals Pitt stated with the utmost lucidity the politico-strategic object to be attained, and left the manner of attaining it to the discretion of Commanders.

Such a Minister is well served. At the conclusion of the Seven Years' War—we, too, are complaining that we have to endure the prospect of a war for four years—the foundations of our World-Empire were well and truly laid in India, Canada, and the West Indies. Such were the results of the policy of a Minister who had fully studied and thoroughly understood the principles of war and fully recognised that war is, as I stated at the commencement of this article, an act of Government. And, be it noted, the first measure of Pitt at the very commencement of the war was to provide, through the Militia, for the supply of reinforcements for the port and the sure defence of the homeland. With unerring eye he saw that the first problem to be solved was the "combing out" of young men who were "too proud to fight." Preparation for war and its direction by the statesman are difficult enough in every country, but in none more difficult than in our England of the present day. A politician should gain, like Dilke or Curzon, *personal knowledge* of the daughter States, of their systems of government, their needs, their resources, and especially of all that concerns their defence. Also, he should have periodically visited foreign countries and realised by mixing at close quarters with the official and social elements the motives and ideals which sway their rulers and inhabitants. But he should not, like Lord Haldane, conceal from his colleagues such knowledge when it was of vital interest to the national security. Also our travelling public man should do discreet intelligence work off his own bat—he should have a knowledge of the probable strength of every potential enemy. This is all a difficult enough task for a highly-

educated man with wealth and social position to carry out, such as many of our budding statesmen were until the last few years. It is an almost impossible one now when so many of our politicians and even Ministers are evolutions of comparatively uneducated—and travel is the supreme finish of education—democracy. Trade unionist officials, miners, mechanical engineers, and even shop assistants are being elected to the membership of what used to be called the "First Club in London."

Is it reasonable to expect that a man who, after picking up a smattering of book knowledge at a board school and has had to work hard for his bread and beer, gradually raises himself by his ability and strength of lung-power to be a leader of his fellow-workers, and after fighting his way into the possession of affluence, represented by the Parliamentary £400 a year, can possibly possess, when he rises to Cabinet rank, the same wide knowledge of the world outside his restricted outlook as the former type of statesman who adopted politics as his born duty and most generally was penalised in pocket for acting up to that conception?

Such individuals as our new masters, the fruit of our undemocratic democracy, can be still less expected to have any knowledge of the teachings of war.

Such men either become like lambs among wolves or else develop into truculent braggarts. Either they are in their ignorance hypnotised by the highly-educated leaders of foreign democracies (as the German Socialists who, on the word "Mobilise," followed, despite all their promises to their English "comrades," the Colours on a career of unprovoked invasion), or they promenade the platform telling the country that we were never nearer victory.

But what of Mr. Lloyd George's millions who have shirked carrying a rifle under the stimulating influence of German machine-gun fire? To what do we owe their absence from the ranks in this crisis of our national existence? I say frankly, because their cases are considered by tribunals from which every shadow and shade of favouritism has not been banished. And I say, from a personal knowledge of these tribunals, that it is idle to expect from their constitution the dispensation of full and equal justice. Composed of local men, local interest is sure

to tell; and this local interest is almost invariably exercised, not by the old-time local magnate, but by our new-time despot—the dictator of Demos, whose name appears at the bottom of the board, but whose personality sways from the top. Let us look at the typical *dramatis personæ* of one of these tribunals—a fantastic designation which somehow or other seems to suggest a stern, rigid committee of earnest legal functionaries whose decisions are enforced by the presence in the background of a masked headsman. First in point of influence, if not in order of precedence, is Thomas Twofluid, Esquire—a Welsh emigrant—who has captured the milk industry of a Metropolitan district; then comes the Rev. Mr. Richard Righteous, in whose Radical rectory the *Nation* and *Labour Leader* still hold a dangerous vogue; lastly, there is Sir Harry Halfmargin, K.C.M.G., who, prior to his retirement on pension, sat in the chair of permanent officialdom in the Colonial Office for forty strenuous years initialling documents written in a faultless Civil Service hand by a poor wretch of a second-class clerk. While not pretending to see it, the merry farce of "Scratch-my-back," etc," is played by these eminent personages as a matter of *quid pro quo*, just mutual courtesy, you know; very pleasing to the feelings in these brutal times of wholesale slaughter. Quoth the milk-and-water expert to the Knight of the Most Illustrious Order of the Two Militant Saints: "If my young foreman can-cleaner, Evan Ap Lloyd Jones, is called up, my 'rounds' will be circumscribed by half, and then just think of the babies." The argument is, of course, unanswerable, and so, of course, Sir Harry Halfmargin "sees" Captain Cicero Chumley, the military adviser to the triumvirate, and the thing is done. Now, Captain Cicero Chumley, who before the war for five days a week in a wholesale cloth merchants' wielded the cheating measuring yard and on half-holidays a Territorial officer's sword, is only too glad to meet with Sir Harry's views when that official's cousin of her ladyship comes before the board for the hearing of his exemption claim, for it is, of course, patent to anyone that it would be an unpardonable mistake to send the First Division Clerk to paddle in trenches instead of allowing him to wait in Downing Street while interest is being worked to obtain for him the approaching vacancy

of the Assistant Colonial Secretaryship of that important outpost of Empire, the Cannibal Isles. And so, after a brilliant and most unmilitary oratorical display by the military adviser, the K.C.M.G.'s wife's relation is given the opportunity, it is to be hoped, of tacking on to his name in the remote future a bewildering procession of capital letters. Further, as a sequel to those interesting events, Captain Chumley's dearest chum's chum is transferred from the 150th Hoxton Hussars to a staff billet in the Constitutional Club. But to balance the scales the tribunal packs off to the parade-ground some friendless widow's son or a poor devil of a man whose wife and quartet of young children will have to be farmed out on their unwilling relations if papa has to exchange his pen for the handling in Ballinasloe or the Balkans of a rifle against Sinn Féiners or Bulgarians, and to all these doings the parson agrees with Demos triumphant. This may seem all mere persiflage. Well, then, let me give an example of the working of the farcical tribunal administration, which is even more fantastic than any of the typical cases above outlined. Last March in this REVIEW, under the heading of "Concerning Secret Agents," I, under a transparent disguise, presented a pen-and-ink sketch of a curious—a very curious—individual who has deluged the Radical Press with letters in which he not alone denounced conscription, but even advocated the *cutting down* of our new army. Why he was permitted thus to distil column after column of blatant high treason is a matter which will, in my estimation, for ever afterwards seriously reflect upon the loyalty of the conductors of those journals in which his letters saw the light of day. Yet this man possesses at least one virtue, he has shown a noble consistency, he has at any rate endeavoured to persuade his fellow-countrymen to abstain from participating in bloodshed, and he has himself refused to shed human gore. He is about thirty years of age and unmarried, he is possessed of the thews and muscles of the Farnese Hercules, he carries himself with the air of one of Dumas' *mousquetaires*, yet when he was haled before his local tribunal he evaded "fighting for the ashes of his fathers or the temples of his gods" because, forsooth, he was, as he cheerfully explained, engaged in important literary work for a member of his Majesty's Government

—name unspecified. Needless to add, so important a servant of the State was forthwith excused meddling with gunpowder.

Another scandal, which borders on the serio-comic, is that of the bogus farmer and his employees. Scores of thousands of lusty young drill-dodgers have suddenly realised the joys and opportunities of Arcadia since conscription came into being. A town man who is too proud to fight buys a bit of land with a barn on it. Lo! he is a farmer. Then he purchases half-a-dozen cows and gets exemption for a couple of sons.

Yet the desperate, urgent need increases for more men. How is it to be met? First, by at once abolishing the tribunal mockery and substituting for these discredited bodies a new set of "combing out" boards. Lord Palmerston once said that an ideal committee was one of three members, two of which stayed away. Well, let us have committees of two—a revising barrister who would be affected by local interests and favouritism just as little as he was when, before the War, he adjudicated upon franchise qualifications of the Unionist or Liberal voter; the other member should be a retired *regular* officer of superior rank, who would take the place of the militay adviser or authority who, under the existing system, is too often a mere amateur in military affairs. Secondly, all men under forty to be at once withdrawn from guarding munition works and dockyards, lines of inland communication at home, and the looking after prisoners of war and interned enemies. There are quite sufficient assets provided by the eldest group of conscripts to provide for the execution of these duties. Lastly, the Volunteers furnish enough efficiently-trained men to meet the problem of home defence. They can do it, as Sir O'Moore Creagh, V.C., has more than once publicly asserted. Thus the half million or more "call ups," who "pad the hoof" on the highways of Merrie England, would be relieved from route-marching in Great Britain in favour of practising that hardening exercise within sound of the cannons' roar.

As to Ireland, if it be found impossible to enforce conscription in the Sister Isle without leading to a universal breaking of skulls, why not give the opportunity to the Sinn Féin extremists to break Boche craniums as

soldiers of a Franco-Irish Division fighting in green Fenian uniforms, and under national flags decorated with the traditional harp, and, if so desired, the legendary wolf-dog and round tower thrown in?

Three months after the commencement of the War I recommended this course in the journal I was then Military Editor of—the *Manchester Daily Dispatch*. My article was headed, "Fenians for the Front," and was brought under the notice of the War Office and Mr. John Redmond. Of course, to Whitehall the idea was regarded as unthinkable; the Irish leader, while courteously acknowledging the receipt of the article (the War Office ignored its receipt) declined to express an opinion as to the policy or feasibility of my proposal. Yet if it had been acted upon I am convinced we would have been spared the grotesque horror of that Sinn Féin business and its immeasurable aftermath. The thing was done in the Franco-Prussian War of '70, when my wife's brother, the late Major Waters Kirwan, surreptitiously raised in Ireland, and afterwards commanded under Bourbaki, the Irish Volunteers, who, in the rearguard at the battle of Montbeliard, fired the last shots in the Franco-Prussian War. My brother-in-law assured me that seven-tenths of his men were members of the Irish Republican Brotherhood who had taken an active part in the Fenian movement.

There are to-day fifty thousand Irishmen who would flock from the Green Isle to France to revive the memories of the time-honoured Irish Brigades celebrated by Thomas Davis in deathless verse. *Verb. sap.*

In conclusion, may I be permitted to ask why it is that Mr. Lloyd George, who recently expressed regret and astonishment at the number of exemptions granted, has not at least the humour to see the paradox, if not the tragedy, of such a confession in the third year of the greatest struggle in history and of our Empire on the part of a Minister of War? Though truly he might respond that this is the price we have to pay for a civilian director of our military affairs.

Women and War*

By Margaret Sackville

THE task of the present-day reformer is comparatively easy. If the mass of men do not think, he at any rate is permitted to do so, and the only risk he runs is of reputation, not of body. He will be misrepresented and maligned as a matter of course; but he will not be burned. He may even find tentative feelers stretched out unexpectedly towards his conclusions. Few now believe that conditions quite obviously productive of evil have been unalterably so ordained by Providence. And the possibility of change once seriously realised, it becomes but a matter of time before means are sought for and at length discovered by which such change can be best accomplished.

For instance, at the close of this war men may, unless too tired, be ready to listen attentively to any scheme which shall lead to the abolition of war altogether, or at least to its severe limitation. Even the most determined militarist may, after such glut of slaughter, be ready to listen. And the average man, who does not want war at all, will be still more ready. The militarist argument that because men possess the fighting instinct *therefore* opportunities should be created in order that they may exercise it, will, it is possible, before long miss its appeal. He, the average man, knows that it is a sleeping instinct, and he would, on reflection, prefer it to remain asleep. He knows that he can pass from youth to old age quite happily untroubled by any irresistible impulse to attack his neighbour, and that to refrain from bloodshed involves no feeling of self-sacrifice. He is beginning to realise what enormous trouble, expense, and subtlety are required on the part of the militarist Press to awake in him even the mildest dislike towards the inhabitants of other countries. If he sides with the professed militarist, that is because he is used to the

* The statistics and details regarding women's labour in the body of the article were supplied to me by the kindness of a friend.

idea of war and unused to that of disarmament. But his actual arguments grow more diaphanous every day. He can with less and less confidence point to the unchangeability of human nature, seeing how obviously, as exemplified in himself for instance, human nature *has* changed. He will hardly claim that the revival of witch-burning, of torture, of the press-gang, &c., &c., might conceivably be attended with any success. He will admit that as far as he personally is concerned, the burning of a heretic would give him but little pleasure and that duelling could not easily be revived among the placid old gentlemen at his club. He admits, he cannot help admitting, that certain bad habits have been outgrown, and that war, though the worst and most obstinate habit of mankind, may conceivably be outgrown likewise. Moreover, being on the whole generous-hearted and sincerely anxious that those everywhere who are least able to take care of themselves should be spared unnecessary suffering, he is led by slow degrees and almost in spite of himself to the consideration of those who form the background of war, for the most part forgotten and inarticulate, whose pitiful tragedies and heroisms remain unacknowledged and whose shadows fall across the battlefield so lightly that few have sight to notice them.

These are, of course, the women, the children, and the workers on whom the cost of this extravagant game presses with such weight. The workers have, at least, the technical satisfaction of enfranchisement, which must give them the comforting illusion that the matter is, after all, in their own hands. But to women even this consolation of nominal responsibility is denied. And to pay a desperate price for an unwanted thing which causes you unmeasured suffering and is forced upon you without your consent, surely justifies resentment.

A short time ago the average man, his attention directed towards this point, would have cheerfully brushed it aside with the remark that wars are not women's business, and that the less they concerned themselves with affairs outside the home the better. He would have said, moreover, that to women belonged the glorious task of helping to clear up the mess men had made. I doubt if he would say so now, seeing how very emphatically many women are protesting against, in the first place, such a mess being made at all.

To them it seems in the last degree unreasonable that they should bear sons in agony and love in order that these same sons should subsequently destroy themselves over questions which in the last resort *can* only be settled by reason and not by killing. Women have been so long accustomed to being called unreasonable, irresponsible and illogical, that it requires something of an effort on their part to realise with what supreme unreason and irresponsibility men, left to their own devices, have conducted certain of the world's affairs. If women are open to the charge of sentimentality, they have even greater justice on their side when they protest against the murderous sentimentalities of men. They themselves being, as circumstances have made them, rarely imaginative in the larger sense, but essentially practical, long to use their awakened feelings of responsibility in bringing a little order out of all this welter and in putting something like common sense into the mad irrationality of it all.

Let no one imagine that I claim for women a clearer vision, a keener moral sense, than that possessed by men. My only contention is that a world governed almost exclusively from the masculine point of view is as dangerous nearly as a world would be governed solely by women. Never at any time has wisdom or virtue been the monopoly of one class or sex. Yet each class, each sex has its peculiar wisdom. And this being so, the State which expresses the masculine point of view alone is bound to be unstable and lopsided, and is, moreover, doomed to certain disaster. One of these characteristic disasters is war. War is to a large extent the result of affairs being conducted practically from the masculine standpoint alone. We can compare other countries. We can see how accurately, automatically almost, the militarist and anti-feminist spirit work side by side. One, indeed, may be said to be the measure of the other. In America the militarist's influence is ebbing. He no longer forms a very serious factor in national life; in Germany, where women are ignored, he predominates. For instance, assume that everything said about Pan-Germanism is true, is it not the mind of a purely masculine State, which could not survive if women had any kind of political influence? England is in this respect several degrees better than Germany, for here women are treated,

if not with notable understanding, at least without contempt. And if we went further and admitted an equal expression of women's point of view fully and ungrudgingly into public affairs, it is possible that the last shred of militarism would disappear altogether. The instinct of the State would then be against it.

For there is something in the peculiar temperament and humour of the normal woman which is instinctively antagonistic to the mingled pomposity and conceit, the heavy stupidity and dulness which go to the making of the fully-developed militarist. He could not survive the quiet ridicule she would bring to bear on him in public any more than certain forms of masculine conceit can survive the same treatment in private. If I may be permitted a frivolous illustration, I would say that my meaning is to some degree exemplified by Barry Pain's *Eliza*. One can see a microscopic but perfect reflection in the general character of Eliza's husband of the solemn stupidity which inspires the makers of most wars. Eliza's calm common sense saves her from all extravagance. And it is the spirit of Eliza, born as it is from almost daily contact with minute practical difficulties, that one would like to see introduced into public life.

I hope the average man, on whose perception of certain truths—and be it said in his favour that having once *perceived* a truth he usually acts upon it—so much of the future well-being of Europe rests, will not fall into the error of thinking that women are against war because, being for the most part lookers-on, they are unable to grasp its true significance. It is because they are better lookers-on than men that they are able to grasp its significance so well. And it will be found, moreover, that nearly all the finest, most careful thought of the world is on their side. On the side of militarism is much assertion, but little argument. Militarism has of late years grown increasingly shame-faced and apologetic. Few of its supporters would venture to follow their loosely-held "Might is Right" cry to its logical conclusion. We have to thank Germany for doing this, at any rate, and for showing the inevitable result of a belief in the value of war and the necessary subjection of women. For in this matter there can be no compromise. The militarist spirit cannot be kept in check for long.

Where it exists it will one day predominate. And those who try—as the majority do—to be militarist and pacifist at the same time, to combine the maxims of Napoleon with the teachings of Christ, will find themselves in an uncomfortable and dangerous state of muddle-headedness. The time has come for the world to choose one side or the other—it must either be frankly Pagan or frankly Christian. It is the mixture of the two traditions which forms the very unstable and unsatisfactory foundation upon which rests so much of our present-day conduct.

But women in their relations to war are by no means only lookers-on. It presses upon them in a peculiar and intimate manner. All sorts of women's trades and professions suffer. And loss in this respect weighs more heavily on women than on men, because as a rule a man is not so closely tied to one particular profession and has a wider range than woman, and, despite Labour Exchanges, unemployed men find it easier to follow work, to knock about till they get it, to live anywhere and anyhow, than women. But even were it granted that in respect of unemployment the man suffers as much, the reduction in his wages reacts on the comfort of his wife and children. Where a man's wages are a family income, woman shares the worry and the loss of their reduction and stoppage. In fact, her trials are then greater than his, for as a rule she is the family Chancellor of the Exchequer. Moreover, the woman's suffering must always be aggravated by the fact, as we have said before, that in the making of wars she is not even thought about.

There is the case of the poor widow also, who generally loses her husband and her home at the same time; and of the woman whose husband returns to her crippled or mentally disabled.

That these evils are no imaginary things is proved by what took place when the war broke out. Within a week thousands of women whose husbands had been called to fight were on the steps of the workhouse. So many of them were in need that the machinery of the War Office and the Soldiers' and Sailors' Relief Organisations completely broke down. Charity had to relieve them, and a fussy State, ill advised and inexperienced in its dealings with women, caused great pain to masses of worthy women

whilst it was trying to do its best to safeguard the interests of its soldiers and their children.

When the industrial crisis came women's unemployment was worse than men's.* The Lancashire cotton industry was hit worst of all, and in this industry there are 371,797 women employed to 233,380 men. When the Central Women's Employment Committee was formed the distress amongst women was found to be severe, and later on, when the Professional Classes Sub-Committee of the Government Relief Committee was appointed, it discovered that women were specially hard hit. Factories using sugar provide employment for great numbers of women, and they were almost closed; dressmaking and millinery were badly affected; lodging-houses and apartments were deserted; from business houses hundreds of women were turned away; type-writing offices were closed; governesses, music teachers, companions found their occupation gone; the arts failed woefully to give their usual employment. Although figures never can tell what all this means to women, they enable us to understand something about it. Therefore, I give those published by the Board of Trade, showing week by week from the beginning of the war till the end of January the number of unemployed women on the registers of Labour Exchanges :—

August 14th	... ...	28,162	
,, 21st	... ...	33,844	
,, 28th	... ...	34,812	
September 4th	... ...	33,397	
,, 11th	... ...	35,668	
,, 18th	... ...	36,496	
,, 25th	... ...	36,611	
October 2nd	... ...	35,612	
,, 9th	... ...	35,207	
,, 16th	... ...	34,779	
,, 23rd	... ...	35,275	
,, 30th	... ...	34,485	
November 6th	... ...	34,110	
,, 13th	... ...	33,888	
,, 20th	... ...	33,369	
,, 27th	... ...	32,683	
December 4th	... ...	30,271	
,, 11th	... ...	28,983	
,, 18th	... ...	25,370	
,, 25th	... ...	19,926	
January 1st	... ...	21,182	
,, 8th	... ...	27,829	
,, 15th	... ...	30,017	
,, 22nd	... ...	31,057	
,, 29th	... ...	31,344	

Since then these figures have gone up pretty steadily, and they are now, and have been since June 4th, over 40,000.

* This is admitted officially. The *Labour Gazette* on January, 1915, states (p. 8) "the effects of the war on employment have been more severely felt in the case of women than in the case of men." And though it may be argued that recent industrial developments have made large demands on women's labour, such demands are for the most part temporary, and the artificial situation thus created will only add enormously to the complications later on.

It must be noted, in passing, that these figures do not merely mean privation and worry, but to many the horrible temptation to resort to the most ruinous way of making an income. They have a moral significance which similar figures for men have not, and are all the more dreadful as an indication of what war means to women.

If it is said that these things are details merely compared with the larger issues at stake, and hence unworthy of consideration, one may reply that it is precisely because these details are ignored so completely that public affairs are not synonymous with human affairs. The State becomes a body with the heart left out, and it is with the idea of making it a living organism that women are anxious to have their share in the guiding of it.

No! women think, these things cannot for ever remain so. National honour must be raised from the level of wild beasts, and must include fair dealing, generosity, truth—honour, in fact, as understood in the daily sense. No Englishman believes now that his personal honour can be satisfactorily healed by drawing the blood of another who has outraged it. The eye-for-an-eye doctrine held consistently can end only in whole nations having their eyes removed. It is, besides, an impossible doctrine for any person possessing a sense of humour. But the militarist has no sense of humour; he cannot laugh at himself; it remains for the women to do it for him.

Of course, any such change in the relation of women to the State will in the last resort be opposed by the average man as possible and reasonable enough in theory, but at present impracticable, human nature being what it is, and, therefore, sentimental, idealistic, and Utopian. He forgets that it is only because idealists suffered in the past that he stands in his present position of comparative comfort and safety, and that all he values most is the result of *ideas* once new and almost always opposed. Every change which he now recognises as beneficial and inevitable is the work of those to whom, save in the probably wholesome *rôle* of critic and persecutor, he gave no assistance in any way whatsoever. Those who condemned religious intolerance, torture, duelling, slavery, the treatment of lunatics and all forms of brutality, folly, and exploitation, were scoffed at as idealists and often paid for their persistence with their

lives. Yet to no form of past wrong inflicted on others would the most conservative among us willingly return. The average man only objects to the abolition of that injustice to which he is accustomed. Nevertheless, the years are against him. Lord Shaftesbury, Elizabeth Fry, Josephine Butler were all idealists. Does anyone imagine for a moment the world they were anxious to help was equally anxious to be helped by them, or did much save to thwart and discourage them to the best of its power? For it is a characteristic of the world to show the deepest distrust, dislike, and fear towards anyone who attempts to put some of the points of the religion it professes into practice. It dares not criticise God directly, but it does so in an indirect manner by perpetrating blasphemies against human nature for which God is presumably responsible. And this it does without the least idea of disrespect or incongruity. In fact, it often characterises those who do believe that the ultimate justice which is behind the universe must and does express itself increasingly in the deeds of men by opprobrious epithets. And, being confused in thought, and yet having a certain idealism which it is unwilling to discard altogether, it has drifted into the conviction that the only practical way of living is to keep your beliefs on one hand and your actions on the other.

One reason why the millennium is so long in coming is because, on the whole, so few people want it. Physical force becomes yearly less and less a solution to any problem of the modern mind. It is an external thing, like size and number, which are crude standards by which none save the crude can be influenced. So as the doctrine of physical force loses its hold will those delicate and intimate qualities for which women have heretofore stood in private alone extend their sway. Those who are fitted for the task will modify public life, as they have in some degree begun to do already, in ways hitherto unthought of. The days of national brawling, bad manners, and self-assertion are gradually passing. Soon will the still, small voice be heard, not in the home alone, but in the market. Men and women have still to discover and to act upon that natural wisdom which all possess, which is the inheritance of humanity, and which is overlaid by false methods of thought and inherited error.

Our Need of Military Statesmanship

By the Editor

In the February issue of this Review I published an article by Mr. Seton Watson on "The Failure of Sir Edward Grey," which I would advise all serious men to refer to —at this juncture. They will read there the most astonishing indictment of our Foreign Office direction, based on facts, and they will understand the present situation, both as regards Greece and Roumania. Needless to say, the article in question had no effect. The Coalition is still our Coalition. Sir Edward has become Viscount Grey. The man who (September 28th) assured the House of Commons that in the event of Bulgarian aggression against Greece, "we are *prepared* to give to our friends in the Balkans all the support in our power, in the manner that would be most welcome to them, in concert with our Allies, *without reserve and without qualification*," presides to-day over our foreign policy in the House of Lords, to which Chamber he was introduced by his friend and adviser, Lord Haldane of Cloan.

Viscount Grey's record since August, 1914, is astounding, whether it be the Order in Council permitting German reservists to return through our Navy to fight against us, or the Order in Council (August, 1914) "adopting the Declaration of London as if the same had been ratified by his Majesty" (Mr. Gibson Bowles has revealed the terrible significance of this German contrivance which, if adhered to, would have prevented us from declaring the Blockade); or his attitude concerning cotton as contraband, and that which appointed men of German origin to posts connected with the blockade—thus Mr. Holtzapfel; or the incredible performances of our Foreign Office in the Balkans. Twice General Joffre has had to come over to London to force us

literally to fulfil our pledges. On the first occasion Viscount Grey urged our complete withdrawal from Salonica, to which General Joffre replied: "Vous nous lâchez sur le champ de bataille!" with the result, as Sir Edward Carson phrased it at the time, that the Government "decided that what was too late three weeks before was in time three weeks later."

But it was not in time. Beyond offering Cyprus to Greece, we did nothing but tell one another stories of German failing man-power, and Serbia was overrun; gathered by force into the German hegemony. In Paris M. Delcassé fell in consequence, but here the Foreign Office remained sacrosanct, and men said it was wrong to criticise in war; and when the commercial experts burnished up some more yarns about the starving Germans and their 3,000,000 permanent losses, the tragedy of one more country hardly seemed to matter.

The excuse at the time was that we had misjudged Bulgaria and relied on Greece, which was true. We did misjudge Bulgaria; we have relied on Greece ever since, though with what reason I defy any man cognisant with European affairs to substantiate. After the Balkan War I wrote in this REVIEW that Bulgaria must now become our inveterate foe and the friend of Germany, if only to avenge herself upon the Roumanian attack on her back. As for King Constantine, every man on the Continent knows he is pro-German, as surely as every serious student of South European conditions knew that the Bulgars since the Balkan War had only one desire in their minds, and that was to have their revenge on Serbia.

From the first the question was one of two things: either we decided on a Salonica campaign, or we did not, coupled with the corollary of Greece, which again resolved itself into one of two things: either we obtained the full neutrality of Greece by diplomacy or we secured it (Prussian-like) by force. As in war all middle courses fail, this was the only policy open to the Allies, yet what did we do? For a year the temporising, the vacillations, the half-measure, the "Wait and see" attitude have prevailed, until

a dangerous situation has arisen in Greece, who is now subjected to all kinds of indignities the object of which, I confess, I do not understand. If our purpose is to force Greece to fight for us, that, in my opinion, is a mistake; but if our object is to secure neutrality and facilities for the Salonica expedition, then obviously we ought to have done that certainly six months ago, not now when the Salonica thrust should be in full movement, which clearly is not the case.

It is difficult to write about this—for it is a military matter and military reasons dictate. But unless we have made up our minds to "muddle through" anyhow, no matter what mistakes our Ministers may commit and no matter what the *consequences* may be, it is clearly the duty of the Press to point out the danger of our indecision and weakness, and to insist either upon a change in the management of our foreign affairs, or upon the enforcement of a clear-cut, intelligible policy which shall be enforced.

Now, the truth is, that there has been a kind of running difference of opinion concerning the Salonica expedition and its repercussion upon Greece. For some strange reason the policy of Viscount Grey, which, four days after the Bulgarian mobilisation (September 23rd, 1915), practically forbade Serbia to forestall the attack and so lost her the priceless opportunity of securing the offensive, still continues muddling in Greece, retarding the offensive from Salonica, almost as if our idea of making war in those parts was to annoy everybody first and then adopt the negative offensive, or do nothing unless obliged to. The Balkan story, if told, would flabbergast the world. Yet no one seems to realise that in war only action decides, and that our inactivity, our indecision, our *politicising in Greece* instead of fighting the Bulgarians is telling against us all the time and, as we see, has frustrated the assumption of that big offensive which the newspapers announced three months ago as the decisive *coup de grâce* to be delivered against Germany's vulnerable spot, which, as every man knows, lies in the railway which links up Belgrade with Constantinople, the goal of Pan-German, or Austro-German, ambition.

The military results of this procrastination are now being realised. At the very moment when the Roumanian intervention might have been of determining importance, we are engaged in making up our minds whether to trust Tino or not, or how far to trust him; in short, whether our back lines of communications are secure, and, if not, how then to make them secure, with the result that the Salonica expedition is no more able to help Roumania in her hour of need than we were able to help Serbia in her hour of need, and this with the winter threatening to hold up the offensive, even if we had the force there sufficient to embark upon the task—the question vexing us being apparently Greece, who has shown her unwillingness to fight for us, and even if she did fight for us in the small numbers likely to be got together under what is called the "revolutionary" army, will not be of much assistance and may prove an embarrassment leading Heaven knows where and to God knows what.

Why is this? What is the explanation of this fresh Coalition muddle? The answer is simple. It is first and foremost due to the total lack of responsibility among our Ministers who, under the cloak of military expediency, exercise autocratic power in complete secrecy, supported by the ignorance of the public which has not the smallest idea of what happens here or there, and thinks it right not to inquire. For ten years no one has cared a button about foreign politics. The Balkans were spoken of as a Chinese puzzle, and so on. And so it came to pass that men who knew and wrote about Germany's war intentions were called "firebrands" or "cranks," and nobody paid any attention, not even to Lord Roberts, who was admitted to know something about war. When war "took us unawares," as they say in the servants' hall, the consequences of this neglect showed themselves instantaneously. Authors, poets were hailed as "experts," and have been our experts ever since, to the "scream" of all Europe and America. In this REVIEW, as men know who have read it, the war has always been treated *non-commercially*, and, though what we said a year ago was ridiculed as "pessimism," and I was bombarded with letters protesting against my assertion that the

war would be a matter of years, and that the only way to win it was to introduce conscription and organise nationally from end to end of the Empire, reference to our files to-day will show that everything we have said has been justified, all that we have fought for has been vindicated, and that our prophecies have proved only too true.

A year ago I wrote about this Balkan matter and said that if we did not remove Viscount Grey we should fail again. Now, once more, I say the gentlemen directing our affairs are ignorant of European affairs. Pray don't think this is a reckless statement. I have known personally not a few of our present Ministers, talked to them about Germany, even argued with them about the peril. I was, only a year or so before the war, roundly abused by our present Minister of War for daring to say that Germany was preparing for the World-War. Some of them tried to get me "chucked off" the REVIEW for my opinions. I repeat: men who have failed as they have must fail again, for their judgments are based on false premises and they are all ignorant about Germany and her potentialities—except Lord Haldane, who never told them.

We owe to General Smith-Dorrien an example of our Ministerial incapacity, which in any country but ours would lead to that implicated gentleman's fall. It was in 1911, at Aldershot, and when the General pointed out the smallness of our Army and the need of machine-guns, the Cabinet Minister retorted that "he was afraid of the Germans. Believe me; I know the Germans intimately, and the first time they are engaged in war you will see the most *monumental example of crass cowardice that the world has ever seen.*"

So spoke our Minister. Who was this donkey? Could it have been Lord Haldane? We ought to know, because he may be in office to-day. It is the public's right to have the name of this director of our destinies. He claimed to know Germany intimately. Was it Sir John or "honest" John? After that, what can we expect?

From the beginning of the war we have sought to con-

tinue with the old methods, and when the Coalition was formed men seemed to think that was the most we need do, the underlying idea being the purely political one that if the front benches were "pooled" things would right themselves of themselves. Little did men understand that Germany was no ordinary foe, and that this war was a struggle of life and death between two irreconcilable groups of civilisations. Our astonishing ignorance of war and of European conditions led us to look on the struggle as another "mad Mullah" affair on a big scale, a campaign which the Russians would automatically settle with their vast hordes, whatever we did or did not do. That is still the opinion of the majority. Always the talk has been "next spring." To-day it is again "next spring," though in July of this year I doubt whether two per cent. of the population had the smallest notion that the winter would find us again in the trenches, still in France, with the German strategic front unbroken. We know what Mr. Churchill told us about Gallipoli; we know that Mr. Asquith stated the Mesopotamian expedition to be the best equipped in the war. Recently we have had a rather flamboyant utterance of what we are going to do from Mr. Lloyd George. Yet still the map shows utterly to our disadvantage. The summer is over. The Germans are in France. They *have not been broken or beaten in the strategic sense.* So energetic, in fact, are their one-armed, one-legged armies that as I write the interest of the world is focussed on Roumania,* and the problem is whether yet another crushing disaster can be averted. While she fights for her life, we are engaged in seizing Athens (October 18th).

Another point on which much might be said is America. Here, again, the public knows nothing. Our ignorance of

* One cannot, of course, say anything about Roumania, but clearly the German aim must be to secure and hold the line running from the Carpathians to the Danube, not only because of the fat prize Roumania economically offers, but because of the military advantages resulting from so great a shortening of the line, thus freeing Bulgaria to utilise her full forces either in Macedonia or elsewhere. Roumania must therefore be Germany's test. If Hindenburg fails there it will be because he no longer has the power—in short, because he can't. But if he succeeds, then once more the disaster will have been due to our Balkan policy and the habit of thinking Germany is "done" on no better ground than that it pleases us so to think. Yet we have talked of Roumania's intervention for the last 14 months!

American thought and conditions is colossal. Our Press gives us practically no information, though on the eve of the Presidential Election this is the time for "twisting the lion's tail" and sundry confusions and combustions may be expected. They have already begun over there. The danger is that our weak and unimaginative Foreign Office will commit some ghastly blunder which may lead to a Presidential Election entanglement. Owing to this ignorance and secrecy of ours the average man here thinks America is hostile, and he goes about abusing the Americans for their non-intervention, in delirious ignorance of the fact that but for America's aid *we should have lost the war.** We owe all to America and South America, but what we don't always understand is that America is a free country, and that any attempt on our part to teach her international law, whether about submarines or Sinn Féin, will inevitably meet with the kind of rebuff administered to us recently in that connection.

The truth is that America is far better informed about the war than we are. It is well known *now* that the Sinn Féin rising was a newspaper-boy secret in large parts of America months before it took place, though not an editor † here had the remotest idea of it. But what we utterly fail to grasp is the great power exercised by Irishmen in America, who there, as in England, rapidly climb into prominent positions and by their alertness, readiness, and intellectual superiority rule almost as successfully as they manage to *run us in London*, though for the most part we are quite unaware of it. But that is so, and at this moment Irishmen in America are pulling the lion's tail all they know how, whereas we, as usual, have walked into the trap and got rather "baity," as the schoolboy puts it. Our Foreign Office has no humour. It is a dead-sea institution, but if Greece can change her Ministry, why cannot we?

I wrote in a recent number that the weakness of our direction was a danger, and that instead of presiding at the board, as should be our right as holder of the seas and

* See the recent statement by M. Thomas on America's help.

† Except THE ENGLISH REVIEW: *vide* Major Stuart Stephen's article in the May issue.

banker-in-chief to the Allies, we had forfeited that right and were dragged along in tow, as it were, our counsels no longer determining. Several people asked me at the time what I meant? Surely I did not think the Asquith Coalition ought to direct, "for that would be fatal." Of course, no such madness was implied. Militarily, the French have proved their right to direct the operations of the Allies and their decisions should be final, though not in the sense of "pooling" forces and materials, etc., for the most obvious psychological reasons, which in war play a great part. And just as each army of the Allies must fight under its own generals and be led and inspired by its own genius and idiosyncrasies, so should each nation preserve its own healthy interest, and in a quite particular sense does this apply to Britain. For these reasons. We are absolutely the determining force: because we hold the seas, and because our vast Imperial credit is able to support the credit of all the Allies, and if we fail, inevitably the whole Allied cause fails.

That is our military, and because it is the military, our political importance. The *expression of that is the British Navy*. Were our Navy to suffer a decisive defeat, the effect would be automatically disastrous. The enemy would have no need to invade us—that is why incidentally a home defensive force of more than a hundred thousand men or so is unnecessary—for in the event of a naval defeat the Germans could in great part cut us off. There is no disputing this truth. Were our Navy to be so destroyed that the Germans could venture out on the high seas, our credit would instantaneously collapse, and with it the credit of our Allies. We, of course, know that. Our Navy is all. Our ships are our life and, in this war, the life also of Western Europe. Could the Germans smash them, the power and credit of Britain would go.

Most Englishmen will admit this, and to me it is passing strange that we fail, therefore, to realise the stupendous importance at this stage in the war—I recommend men to study the stern, laconic, military language recently used by Sir William Robertson on the subject of when the war will end—of a commanding and prescient statesmanship.

It is, alas! only too true that the ignorance, weakness, and dilatoriness displayed by the direction of our affairs before the war and during the war have made it difficult for our Allies to believe in us, for our proposals can always be met with the objection that as we have so often been proved to be wrong we are hardly likely now to be right. Under the present *régime*, under the Grey-Haldane direction, that argument will hold. The latest Balkan muddle has once more emphasised the point. It is precisely this *enforced subordinate position of ours* which constitutes a danger, all the more so as it is contrary to the physical position we occupy in the war and towards the Allied cause.

I submit that this is a wrong, a false, a dangerous position for Britain to hold in the third year of a war which must alter the face of Europe and change all pre-existing ideas—national, dynastic, social, economic, and military. In war, next to the commanding generals, the man who stands at the wheel of affairs is the most important personage, and should be the most responsible. Now Viscount Grey cannot be styled responsible. When he chattered pleasantly of the "freedom of the seas," he did so without consultation with our admirals, certainly without the assent of England. When he signed on to the Declaration of London he acted in direct defiance of the protest of all British admirals, and he thereby showed his inability not only to understand the foe, but the very spirit and meaning of Empire. Such a man can speak with no authority either for England or in the war councils of our Allies. Do Englishmen realise this fact?

We think because there is plenty of money knocking about, and because of our artillery and, as yet, only tactical victories on the Somme, that the clearing-up of the enemy will proceed automatically next spring with the certainty of a crushed Germany squealing to be parcelled up and dismembered about midsummer of next year. It may be so, it may not be. In any case, only an ignoramus would venture to prophesy. But we do know this: that all military reasons speak for a still greater preparation, a yet more intense organisation, a yet vaster application of our Imperial power, a yet deeper concentration of our resources.

And let us remember this. In all wars and crises there comes a time which is fateful, when mistakes of judgment in the command, in military statesmanship let loose the floodgates and determine. No thoughtful man can fail to note the irresolution of our foreign direction. Even as it is, the blunders committed in the Balkans may lead to a military situation in those parts gravely to our military disadvantage: we shall shortly know. But even if the soldiers rectify the politicians' mistakes there, to leave the direction of affairs under the guidance of a man who no longer can command the national authority which is our right here or abroad seems to me little short of lunacy. From Tribich to Holtzapfel—the record is the same, and it persists under the *ægis* of Lord Haldane. If men think this is the right way to win the war, and can see even in the Balkan handling of affairs no cause for anxiety, no need of a change in the direction of our policy, good; I can only record my protest and my deliberate conviction that we are running our chances instead of assuring them.

The Memorial Urging the Recall of Mr. Hughes.

The Memorial urging the recall of Mr. Hughes to this country has grown into a testification of light and leading, which amounts to a demonstration. In spite of the unwillingness of men who occupy an official position to sign a public petition, the list as it now stands of over 200 names can already claim to be representative of much of the intelligence, judgment, and creative thought of the country. It has no sort of Party bias. Almost all classes are represented. Its significant variety is symptomatic.

There are admirals, V.C.'s, soldiers, peers, M.P.'s, J.P.'s, K.C.'s, editors, business men, writers, thinkers, scientists, doctors, members of the Church, of the Baltic, of the Stock Exchange, Labour leaders, professors, dramatists, actors, also men so illustrious in their different creative spheres as Augustus John and William Watson.

Certain objections have been raised; one, that Mr. Hughes is not strong enough to undertake the job; another, that his work lies in Australia; and. again, that such a summons is "unconstitutional." The first and last of these reasons are invalid. Mr. Hughes knows best what his health permits him to undertake, or his doctor; in any case it is not for us to pose as his physician. As for the "unconstitutional" objection, the answer to that is war; which is the negation of law, as we ought by this time to understand.

The second objection rises from a misunderstanding. None of the signatories have the smallest desire to recall Mr. Hughes until he has done his work in Australia, nor is there any question of spiriting him to London unless he is ready and willing to come. There is no desire to deprive Australia of her Prime Minister, or to transplant him from the soil of his "life's work."

But these are fateful times. Mr. Hughes has himself said: "*If I am sent for, I shall go.*" "*If I am called to sit on a Peace Council, I shall go.*"

Surely no more need be said, therefore, about Mr. Hughes' health. After he has fulfilled his task in regard to conscription his energy and directive ability will be more useful in London than in the Antipodes, and by the end of November his chief work there will have been accomplished.

So much is clear. Equally clear is it that much remains to be done in this country in the coming winter.

Still more, in the work of reconstruction—social, economic, and Imperial—which must ensue as the result of the present European upheaval, a work which should be initiated now if it is to be fruitful, are the imagination, courage, impersonal and constructive Imperialism

of Mr. Hughes desirable and needful here. Indeed, it should be his right, as Prime Minister of Australia, to sit on the Inner War Council. We ask, therefore, for his recall by all reason of Imperial unity, that we may have the freshness and strength of will that we know to be his, and the fulness of his Imperial sense and responsibility.

In war the finest work of the soldiers may be undone by poor statesmanship, for war is only the continuation or physical argument of policy, and if the policy is wanting, physical victory will not give fulfilment. Now by unstinted testimony Mr. Hughes has proved his statesmanship. It was Hughes who showed us how to make short shrift of Teutonic infiltration. It was Hughes who taught us how very possible is the "impossible" by showing us how to give the soldiers the vote. He will come if we ask him. The object of this Memorial is to place that demand as the expression of a very representative national will on the tablets and records of the hour. And we hereby state it to be the deliberate desire of the signatories of this Memorial that in due course, and in such constitutional manner as the Government may see fit, Mr. Hughes be invited to return to this country to take his seat in the Inner War Council of the Empire, to our common utility and inspiration.

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Only descriptive honours are given here

Financing the War

By Raymond Radclyffe

When Great Britain began the war she had the reputation on the Continent of being the most unmilitary nation, but the most businesslike. There was never any question about her financial ability. London had always been the money market of the world, the centre of finance. But war brings surprises. Our contemptible little Army turned out to be a tremendous fighting machine. On the other hand, our methods of financing the war have astonished everybody, not by their ingenuity, but by their stupidity. No one amongst the neutrals has a good word to say for our Treasury, if, indeed, it be the Treasury which is responsible. Technically, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is the responsible person. But Mr. McKenna is not a practical financier; he is only a supple politician. The City wonders who advises him or whether he changes his advisers every few months. The $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. War Loan, of which £350,000,000 was issued in November, 1914, contained the extraordinary privilege which allowed holders to borrow from the Bank of England for three years until March 1st, 1918, at issue price of 95 without margin at 1 per cent. above current bank-rate. Now, it is quite clear that this condition was completely unworkable. The Bank of England could not possibly have loaned out £350,000,000, and would, indeed, have been hard put to have lent half the amount. Consequently, when the new loan was issued in June, 1915, bearing interest at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., holders of the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. loan were given excellent terms in order to force them to convert, and as a result there is now only £62,744,400 of the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. loan outstanding. The total of the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. loan is something under £900,000,000, but this includes conversion of Consols and annuities. The present price of the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. loan, in spite of its being an admirable security on which to borrow money, is only 85. The $4\frac{1}{2}$ per

cent. loan, although issued at par, now stands at a discount of about 5 per cent. The new money obtainable under these two loans was not, of course, sufficient to carry on the war. Consequently, the Government financed in many other ways. It issued Exchequer Bonds payable at varying dates, and there are now outstanding nearly £335,000,000 of 5 per cent. Exchequer Bonds which are repayable in 1919, 1920, and 1921. There are also about £31,500,000 of 3 per cent. Exchequer Bonds repayable in 1920. Another system of finance was the offer of a War Savings Certificate suitable for poor people and free of income-tax, the certificates being sold at 15*s.* 6*d.*, and being repayable in five years at 20*s.* Of these there are about £30,500,000 issued to date. War Expenditure Certificates running over two years have been issued to the tune of a little over £25,000,000. Two loans have been made in the United States bearing nominal interest at the rate of 5 per cent. and totalling in all £61,314,000. But the main source upon which the Chancellor has relied for revenue has been the Treasury Bill. Rates on these have varied according to the market, but, presumably, the bulk of them has been issued at from $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to 6 per cent. Of these Treasury Bills, at the time of writing, perhaps £1,100,000,000 have been issued. Everybody in the City and many members of Parliament have warned the Chancellor of the danger that attaches to such a huge floating debt. Everyone in the City has pointed out that there is no more expensive way of financing the war than by the issue of short-dated Treasury Bills. Nevertheless, this debt has been piled up until it has reached the above stupendous figure. Then, just on the eve of the issue of the French loan, Mr. McKenna announced that the rate of interest on the Treasury Bill would be reduced to $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. all round, but that he was prepared to sell 6 per cent. Exchequer Bonds repayable in 1920. This was equivalent to putting the credit of the British Empire on a 6 per cent. basis. It was neither wise nor polite to have made the announcement just as the French Government were offering their loan in this country. It was not wise, because it is to the interest of the British Government to get as large a subscription as possible in Great Britain for the French loan. It was not polite, because we might just as well have waited until the French

had secured their money. It was not good business, because, during the three weeks in which the French loan was on offer, only about £36,500,000 of these 6 per cent. Exchequer Bonds were taken up by investors. This small amount must be considered rather disappointing, and the poor response is a hint to the Chancellor that the investor did not like either the security or the occasion of its offering. At the time of writing this article the Chancellor has borrowed £2,221,837,000.

The yield to investors on the above offerings varies considerably. The Treasury Bills are only subject to income-tax in the ordinary way. That is to say, the profit made by an investor on the purchase of bills is included in his ordinary income-tax return. The two-year War Expenditure Certificates, at the time of writing, yield just under 6 per cent. The War Savings Certificates give a yield of 5 per cent. compound interest, but they are free of income-tax. The only drawback to these is that up to the present no one has been allowed to invest more than £387 10*s*. But it is open to anyone to lend this sum to the Government, and the interest upon it is not subject to taxation. This is an important matter. The $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. war loan yields nearly $5\frac{1}{4}$ per cent, and the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. loan just under 5 per cent. Clearly, the privileges attaching to these two loans are not appreciated by the investor.

The question now arises how the war is to be financed in the future. The Germans have a very simple method. They issue a 5 per cent. loan at a small discount once every quarter, and in this way sweep up all the accumulated savings that can be found in the Empire. The loans are long-dated, and although it is the fashion over here to sneer at the methods adopted by the Reichsbank, there is no doubt that they are quite effective. Germany is piling pig upon pork. She knows it as well as we do. But in war time purity in finance is impossible, and her methods are certainly preferable to our own.

The Chancellor appears to be now conscious that his floating debt has reached a dangerous height, otherwise he would not have made the offer of the 6 per cent. Exchequer Bonds. He has also declared that he is only waiting for a favourable opportunity to issue a long-dated war loan. It is unlikely that he will make this issue before Christmas.

The end of the year is always a period of tight money, and it is a bad time in which to make a loan. But as soon as the year has turned large sums are released and we may expect a new war loan early in January. What terms will the Chancellor offer?

The bankers think that he must offer $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. free of income-tax. They think that he should accept in payment all the various outstanding securities. There are still people who have not converted their Consols. There are still annuities unconverted. It would be infinitely better if the Chancellor could get rid of all his various issues of Exchequer Bonds. He must, above everything, relieve himself from the burden of the Treasury Bills. If he is a bold man he will make an attempt to unify the British debt and place it upon a $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. basis, making it free from all income-tax. He will then sweep up everything that is outstanding, and he will be able once a quarter to issue a new loan, still on a $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. tax-free basis, and thus secure the accumulated savings of the nation. This is a sound, businesslike method of finance. It will be extremely popular, and if the loan be launched in a clever manner it will be a huge success.

I do not pretend that there are no objections to the scheme. It will certainly depreciate all other gilt-edged securities. But that is inevitable whatever happens. If the £1,100,000,000 of Treasuries remain unpaid, they must be renewed, and they can only be renewed at a higher rate than 6 per cent. This floating debt will force up the value of money and thus depreciate gilt-edged securities. Therefore, whichever way we look at it, all securities bearing a fixed rate of interest and subject to income-tax deducted at the source are bound to depreciate. If the war last, nothing can possibly save us from this depreciation. Let us, therefore, face the situation and unify the debt; then we shall know where we are. We shall be keeping faith with the holders of the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. loan, we shall have got rid of the floating debt, and we may, if we make the issue in a proper manner, secure very large sums from neutral nations.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

BROUGHT FORWARD. By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM. Duckworth and Co. 6*s*.

Though Mr. Cunninghame Graham indicates in a preface that perhaps, or, it may be, this is his last volume, we at least may say, "for what we have let us be truly thankful." The war has cast its gloom upon this last volume, but the horses are there and that astonishing colatura of perception and expression which stamp the author as the artist. We find the old Scottish roots mingled with that Arabic or Nomadic love of the wilds, of horsemanship, of expanse, and all this harmonised with a modern attitude in itself in curious disaccord with an almost perfection of style. Also there is this apparent paradox. The author's emotions are not very deep, not felt, as it were. War has only tinged the picture. In the story, "Brought Forward," which deals directly with the war, the emotion is rather that of the artist than of the man, and this, no doubt, is the Scot in Mr. Graham. But soon war wearies him. Again we are in Uruguay, selecting horses, riding, and here we have the Arab. These are the things that will become part of our literature, these things no man has ever done so well. As usual, Mr. Graham's volume stands out far above the welter of "book-making" for its beauty and romantic grace. He is a great word painter. His range of sensitiveness is curiously wide, and though he writes more romantically and more beautifully than a novelist, his eyes are always on the earth and the joys and wonders of reality, not fiction. As the Spaniards say: "He has many graces."

RUSSIAN CHAPS. By M. C. LETHBRIDGE. John Lane. 1*s*. net.

One of a series, and one of the best. It was no easy matter to touch off the spirit of so great a people as the Russians in a few descriptive chapters, to get into the soul

of Russia and the moujik; but this the author has managed to do most happily. The book should be read together with "Kitchener Chaps" by that exquisite writer, Neil Lyons. A bigger contrast it would be difficult to find. Both these books have a real interest, for they are of the soil, and the work in both cases is profound and honest. And even out of these few pages the religion, the Oriental fatalism, the simplicity, the tenderness, the mystery and charm of Russia appear, and we are able to understand something of the soul of our Ally.

FICTION

THE LION'S SHARE. By ARNOLD BENNETT. Cassell and Co., Ltd. 6*s*.

Mr. Arnold Bennett's "card" has now turned into a woman—a dear girl, quite in the spirit of the times, which is to say that she wants the vote. She wants much more. She wants the "Lion's share." It is a bright, amusing, tripping tale spun with the author's customary cunning. Mr. Bennett's method may be said to be that of the old French playwrights, applied to fiction: a question of situation and dilemma. Always the unexpected situation, the thrill of the serial detective story is upon it. Mr. Bennett delights to trip up his reader. Not till the end do we know who is the hero, or who she will marry. What with French technique and the canniness of the Potteries, Mr. Bennett is able to beat us all the time, and the result is "some girl." No, the war has not affected the book, though here and there subtle criticisms remind us of reality. The novel ought to have been dedicated to the Pankhurst family. It is good fun, quaintly humorous, full of rippling things. Just one piece of criticism. Mr. Bennett's German is weak. No German would say *Meiner Frack*—dress-coat being masculine. *Mein Frack* is the German for my dinner-jacket. Otherwise the feminine "card" is O.K.

APRIL FOLLY. By ST. JOHN LUCAS. London: Methuen and Co. 5*s*. net.

Mr. St. John Lucas, both as poet and novelist, has already a long list of volumes to his credit. The present is a continuation of, rather than a sequel to, the story that

was started in "The First Round." It may be remembered that the former book (in which Mr. Lucas seemed for the first time to find himself master of a characteristic and highly attractive style) ended with the renunciation of the life of artistic liberty by its hero, Denis Yorke, who gives up his prospects in order to return home and companion his ailing father. Perhaps Mr. Lucas found the idea of such a permanent sacrifice intolerable. Anyhow, the new volume opens with the funeral of the inconvenient parent; and goes on to show us Denis rejoining his jolly companions, and setting out upon the arduous but delightful task of making up for lost time as a professional musician. Really, perhaps, one may consider "April Folly" as the history of an episode: the episode of Yvonne. Hers is certainly among the most skilful feminine portraits of modern fiction; sinister, haunting, and extraordinarily full of a sadness that never degenerates into sentimentality. How she touches the career of Denis and all but wrecks it is the matter of a book that lingers unusually in the memory, and leaves one curiously expectant of the further continuation that must obviously be preparing.

THE GREEN ALLEYS. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. London: Heinemann. 6*s*. net.

The phrases that it is usual to apply to Mr. Phillpotts' work are growing somewhat stale, yet one has no choice but to use them again over a story that is very characteristic of his manner at its best. This time, however, the scene is not Devonshire, but Kentish hop-fields. Indeed, the whole concern is hops; so much so that the book seems full of the scent of them. For the rest, the chief situation is one that has been handled many times before—the contrasted lot of two sons, born in and out of wedlock. But (as usual) it is the characters that make the book, and amongst them none is more striking than old Mrs. Crowns, the mother of the rival sons. Her treatment of sentiment and love quarrels in war time is refreshingly vigorous. "While Germany's trying to knock in the door, my sons are falling-out about a twopenny-halfpenny wife. . . . Soon enough to talk about nonsense like wives when your homes and mothers and sisters are safe, and these mad bloodhounds knocked on the head, or driven back into their kennels.

. . . Give me a glass of beer. I shan't have gout till the war's over—not if my sons are at their posts!" We may congratulate Mr. Phillpotts upon Mrs. Crowns. As an embodiment of the old Kentish fire she is one of those women who are helping to win the war.

MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH. By H. G. WELLS. Cassell and Co. 6*s*.

Mr. Britling is obviously Mr. Wells himself, turned turtle, the journalist, chronicler, and recorder of the times. The novelist is forced to earth, the dreamer becomes a reporter, and the result is an extraordinary vital medley of fact and fiction: Mr. Wells with his analytical fingers measuring the "bumps" of "old Fritz." Let us say at once it is awfully readable, a sort of "special" which half irritates and half convinces. Mr. Wells has the literary honesty of the artist. He makes Mr. Britling confess his insular ignorance of Germany, of Europe, before the war. He shows us Mr. Britling in the early stages struggling with the politician's shibboleth that conscription is accursed and that one volunteer is the equal of four conscripts. All that kind of smug British twaddle which gave us our Haldanes and Simons, our German "spiritualism," our cant and humbug, our false gods and wrong values. Mr. Britling is indeed the British Philistine soused in the gravy of lawyers' politics and the genteel commonness of Oxford Street.

All Mr. Britling's insularity is aroused at the idea of "aerial activity" over sacred London. One by one his idols, the tin gods of Manchesterdom, of drawing-room Fabianism, of Britain "never, never shall be slaves," whereas Britain is the complete example of the servile State, as Belloc, Shaw, and THE ENGLISH REVIEW have explained over and over again—these Penates of middle-class Suburbia fall from their pedestals one by one until gradually the sheer tragedy of the war awakes and arouses the man. It is here that Mr. Britling becomes interesting. His humanity asserts itself. His sense and sensibility are extended. He suffers. He understands at last what war is. He loses a son.

This part of the book is beautiful and memorable. The

latter part reaches heights of genuine nobility. In his letter to Heinrich's father Mr. Wells is the true creative artist, and when the curtain falls we know he has found himself again, has found God, has found England.

WAR

SOLDIER AND DRAMATIST: BEING THE LETTERS OF HAROLD CHAPLIN. John Lane. 5*s.* net.

Once on a time, and a very good time it was, before some twenty million whites, blacks, and *café-au-lait* coloured peoples set, with extreme good will, to mutual slaughter, there flourished in that most inartistic city of Glasgow a stock company of artists, most of whom had written a play—a great play—and were on the point of writing the greatest one of all time.

One of them was the youngster whose life went out at Loos last year, when he had arrived at the patriarchal age of just a century's quarter. Before a German bullet took him he had written five powerful dramas, successfully produced in London and the provinces; written strong, sane, melodious verse; and was engaged in concocting a "man-of-action" novel to the order of an eminent firm of publishers, when, on the declaration of war, he, a husband and a father, and, furthermore, an American, without delay or indecision—what a scathing example for our "millions" of Lloyd George's war-dodgers—enlisted in the "First Hundred Thousand," and in due time found his way to France and a hero's death when removing wounded under a *feu d'enfer* of German shell-fire. This is a war-book to read, and not only once.

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